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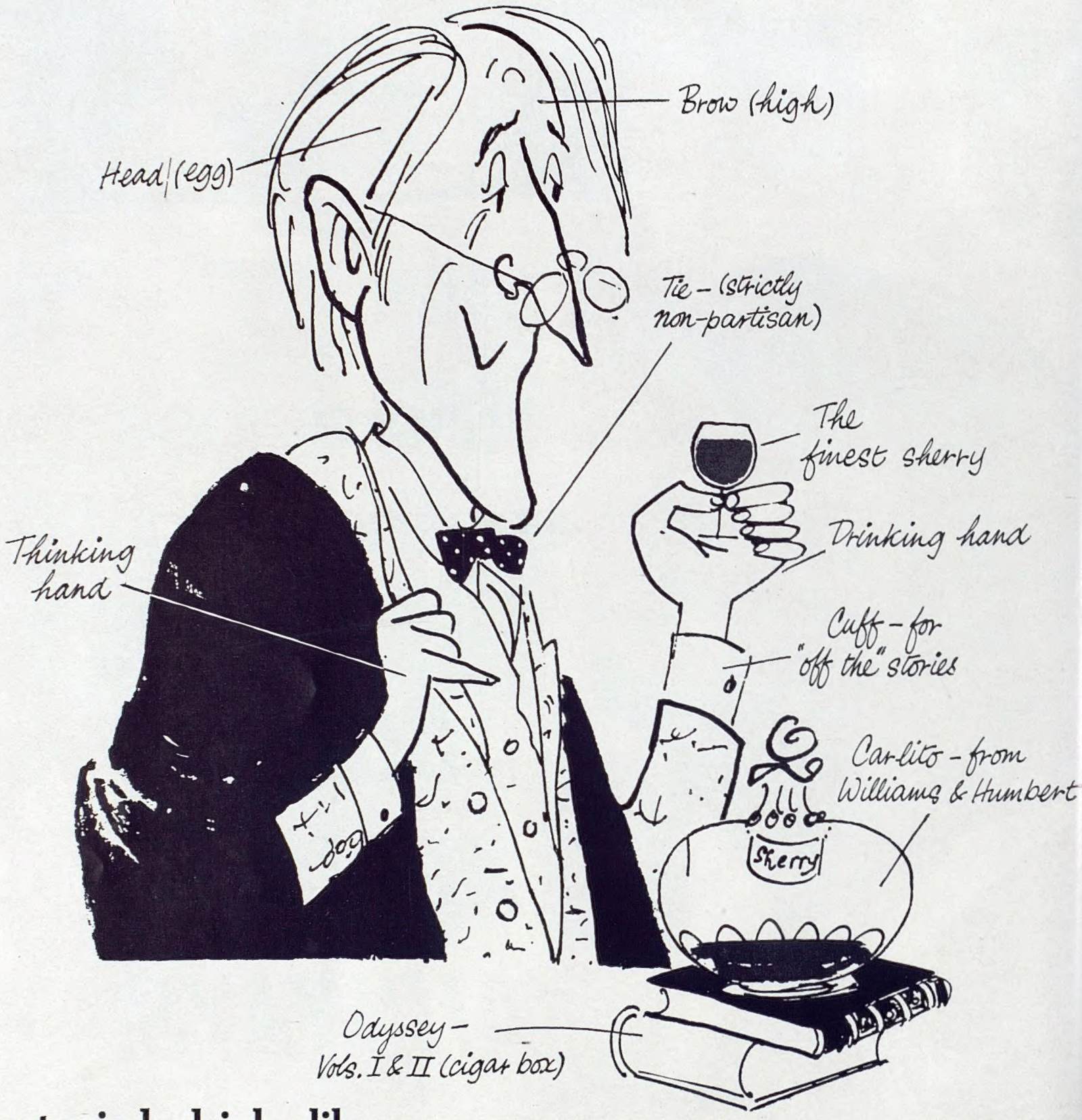

Great minds drink alike Rara avis: the don. Not so rare: don's scholarly appreciation of Williams and Humbert. Professor T. J. Parky savours **Carlito** a light and witty Amontillado. Don's wife prefers **Canasta Cream**—a sweet full sherry with a soothing charm. And there's always Dry Sack in the house **Dry Sack**—not too dry, not too sweet—the medium sherry that pleases every palate. But then, as connoisseurs know, all Williams and Humbert's great sherries have an unvarying excellence. On this their fame is based.

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Volume CCLV No. 3306 LONDON, October 12, 1963

THE SPHERE

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Mr Macmillan waves cheerfully as he returns to No. 10 Downing Street, after its protracted restoration. Whether or not Mr Macmillan can bring about a restoration of the Conservative Party's fortunes has for weeks been a subject of hot debate. At the beginning of this week, most political speculation centred round what, if anything, he would say concerning his own intentions about retirement, when he speaks at the rally after the Conservative Party Conference at Blackpool. He has said that his decision whether to lead his party into the next Election will depend on his judgment of what is best for the country and party. One difficulty has been that there is no clear-cut choice for his successor. All the contenders were to make speeches this week (Labour Conference, pp. 46-47)

A TIME FOR DECISION

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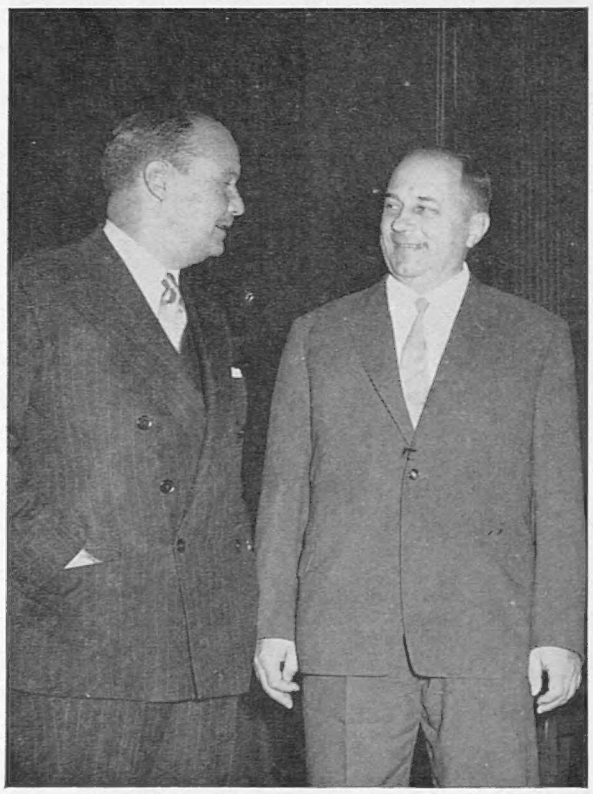
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Olympic Village in Austria
New blocks of flats on the eastern side of Innsbruck, Austria, have been built to form the Olympic Village for the 1964 Winter Olympic Games. The village will house 5,000 competitors and others

Russian labour experts in London
At the Ministry of Labour Mr J. Hare, the Minister, talks to Mr S. Novozhilov, Deputy Chairman of the Soviet State Committee for Labour and Wages. Members of the Russian Committee visited the Ministry last week



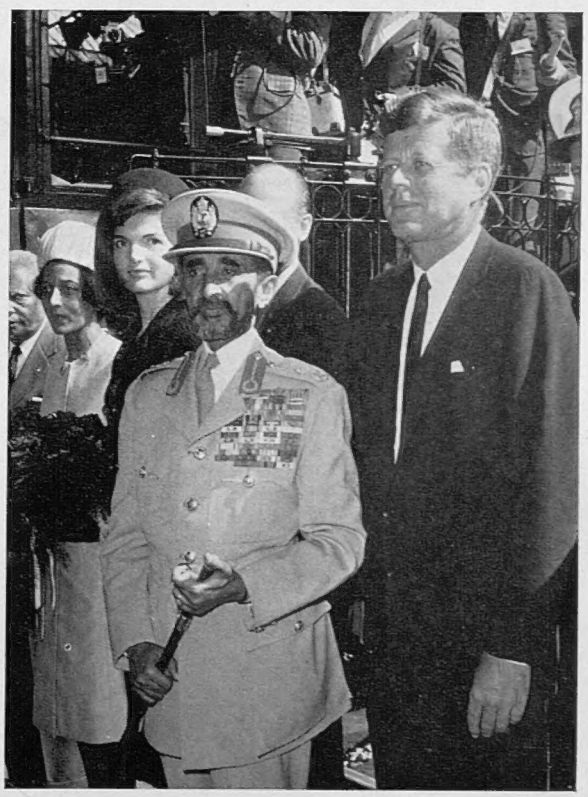
Harvest Festival Far East style
On the island of Okinawa, between Formosa and Japan, folklore dancers compete in the autumn Harvest Festival. Eleven teams of young men and women taking part were watched by over 30,000 spectators, many of them American servicemen and their families. Okinawa is US Trust Territory

Australian and Japanese links
At Canberra Airport, the Australian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, meets Mr Ikeda, the Japanese Prime Minister, on his arrival for talks to follow up the recent trade agreement

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

New sailing ship visits London

With her crew lining the deck, the three-masted Argentinian training ship, the *Libertad*, enters South-West India Dock, London. Of 4,000 tons, the ship began a short visit to Britain last week. She has a complement of 24 officers, 49 cadets and 215 ratings. Launched in 1956, but not completed for several years, the *Libertad* is probably the newest square-rigged sailing ship in the world. She is equipped with two diesel engines to assist her sails and these give her a speed of 13½ knots



Ethiopian Emperor in Washington

At Union Station, Washington, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, at the start of his two-day State visit to the American capital, stands with President Kennedy. Left, Princess Ruth Desta, the Emperor's grand-daughter, and Mrs Kennedy

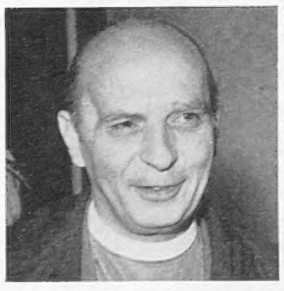
Admiral Tomas in Angola

Crowds, including a large number of soldiers, surround Rear Admiral Tomas, the Portuguese President, as he drives through the streets of Benguela in Angola. The President was on a tour of the Portuguese overseas possessions in Africa

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

44 **Filibustering in Canada**

The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr Lester Pearson, talks to reporters in a corridor of Parliament in Ottawa. According to reports from the Canadian capital, there were fears of a serious political crisis this week if Mr Real Caouette and his Quebec Créditistes section of the Social Credit Movement carried out their filibuster threat. Mr Caouette wanted his group to be recognised as a separate party in the Commons, although they did not contest the election as such. He said he would force another general election if necessary over the issue. The rest of the Social Credit Party is led by Dr Robert Thompson, who at the beginning of this week refused to yield his rank or precedence to the Créditistes



Critic of apartheid's new appointment

Dr Joost de Blank, who has resigned as Archbishop of Cape Town, has been appointed to a Canonry of Westminster. He is a leading opponent of the South African Government's policy of apartheid

Salonika veterans meet again

Veterans of the British Salonika Force who drove the Bulgarians from Greece in World War I, march to lay a wreath at the Cenotaph after their annual service on Horse Guards Parade

Salvation Army's new leader

Commissioner Frederick Coutts signs the deed of acceptance after being elected by the High Council of the Salvation Army to become General of the Movement in succession to General Kitching

Victor Ludorum at Wembley

The Princess Royal presents the Ronson Trophy to Peter Robeson at the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley. Riding Firecrest, he won the Victor Ludorum event on the show's final day

NEWS SUMMARY

No nuclear weapons in outer space; more hurricanes and coups in Latin America

Villagers wave from the debris of a village in Haiti devastated by the hurricane Flora. Four hundred people in Haiti were killed by the hurricane which also struck Cuba

INTERNATIONAL

A joint US-Soviet resolution is expected to be introduced into the United Nations to give substance to the agreement to ban nuclear weapons in outer space reached last week in the New York talks between Mr Rusk, Lord Home and Mr Gromyko. The resolution would be bilateral because Britain has not the means to put weapons in outer space.

Before flying back to Britain, the Foreign Secretary had an hour's meeting with President Kennedy in Washington. It was presumed that among subjects discussed was Britain's intention to join in the talks of the Nato Multilateral Force only on the understanding that this does not commit Britain to participation.

Sir William Hildred, Director-General of the International Air Transport Association, in his address to the annual conference of Iata, in Rome, spoke bluntly about the present economics of international airlines. He pointed out that capacity was still in excess of traffic, that most international airline business was not running at a net profit, and that the solution lay in drastic fares cuts.

SOVIET UNION

The Tass news agency revealed last weekend for foreign subscribers only the extent of this year's grain crop failure in the Soviet Union. Supplies would be 18 per cent. below the 1962 level. Earlier Mr Khrushchev had publicly announced that large quantities of Canadian and Australian wheat were being imported. There were reports of Russia seeking grain supplies from the United States.

UNITED STATES

According to reports from Washington, President Kennedy last week summoned back Mr J. H. Richardson, head of the Central Intelligence Agency mission in South Vietnam, for "consultations." It was thought it was unlikely he would return. Mr Richardson had been in disagreement with the US Ambassador in Saigon over American policy in South Vietnam. Last weekend a sixth Buddhist burnt himself to death in protest against the South Vietnamese government.

M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, arrived in Washington last weekend for talks with President Kennedy. The French Government has remained aloof in the current talks between the West and Russia.

Meanwhile in the US headlines were made by a hoodlum, Joseph Valachi. Under a heavy guard, he has been talking to the Senate Investigations Sub-committee about his membership of the Mafia, or Cosa Nostra, the Sicilian secret society, widely believed to run organised crime in the States. He is one of the first men ever to break the Mafia's oath of secrecy.

LATIN AMERICA

The hurricane Flora struck Haiti and Cuba and still threatened the Bahamas and the Florida coast last Sunday. Following the military coups in Honduras and the Dominican Republic, a state of emergency appeared imminent in Brazil, and in Venezuela President Bétancourt called up army reservists to maintain order until the presidential elections due in December. Observers anticipated there might be further use of military force in the political affairs of many Latin American states.

ALGERIA

President de Gaulle last week informed President Ben Bella that France will back him in his struggle with Berber rebels in the Kabylie mountains. The two million Berbers living in Algeria are fiercely independent and were the last to be subdued by the French in their conquest of North Africa. If they continue to defy Mr Ben Bella, the French President fears that the resulting breakdown in authority might interfere with the completion of atomic tests in the Sahara.

MALAYSIA

"Pirates" burning and plundering in the Straits of Malacca and around the Malaysian archipelago are claimed in reports reaching Kuala Lumpur to be uniformed Indonesian Naval personnel operating in fast patrol boats, some of them Russian built. At a military parade in Jakarta President Sukarno of Indonesia recently repeated his threat that Malaysia would be opposed "at all costs."

UNITED AT SCARBOROUGH

Above: Mr Wilson raises the hand of Mr George Brown as the latter is given a standing ovation

Right: Mr Frank Cousins, Transport Workers' boss, and often a dissident at previous conferences, gives solid support for the official policies

Far right: Mr Ted Hill, leader of the United Society of Boilermakers, Shipbuilders and Structural Workers, announces his conversion to a policy on incomes

A demonstration of unity was achieved at this year's Labour conference at Scarborough, which made observers who had seen the public washing of dirty linen in the conferences of recent years rub their eyes and ask whether it really was the same party. Mr Cousins cooed in harmony and Mr Hill, former opponent of wage restraint, came out for an incomes policy to cover salaries, wages, dividend profits and social security benefits. Mr Wilson in his keynote speech called for a social, educational and scientific revolution, and was highly successful in projecting himself as the man to lead it. The climax of the conference was when, after Mr Brown's speech in which he warned against complacency, leader and deputy leader stood with arms raised and hands clasped. The pity of it was that the man primarily responsible for all this unity could not be there—the late Mr Gaitskell.

Far left: Stepping out together at Scarborough —the Labour leader and Mr James Callaghan, the Shadow Chancellor

Left: Herr Willi Brandt, the Lord Mayor of Berlin, addresses the eve-of-the-conference rally. He announced that Labour and the Social Democrats had decided that experts from both parties should consult on many matters, including control and limitation of armaments

Below: The envy of her sex—Mrs Bessie Braddock, M.P., dancing with Mr Frankie Vaughan, the popular singer, in the Spa ballroom

Bottom: In earnest consultation are Mr Wilson, Mr R. H. S. Crossman and Mr Greenwood, the new chairman of the party

JOHN CONNELL

WHAT IS THE FRENCH FOR SINN FEIN?

48 While preparations have been completed for Dr Adenauer's belated and obviously reluctant retirement, the other grand old man of Western Europe, General de Gaulle, has travelled about France making it quite clear that, so long as his strength remains, he will continue to serve—and to lead—the country he loves so well. He brought his 20th domestic round-trip to a sonorous climax with a big speech in Lyons, whose reception in France was one of somewhat muted excitement, but which put pussy violently among the pigeons in the rest of the Western Alliance.

The British Government's exasperation with de Gaulle, which was at its peak immediately after he finally blackballed our candidature for the European Economic Community, has simmered all summer. Since—along with Dr Stephen Ward and his entourage—the General has made a massive contribution to the Conservative Party's difficulties and perplexities, that exasperation is comprehensible. But even I, who have been a Gaullist for years, have begun to feel that he resembles a testy old buffer, with whom I sat for some time on an election committee; a postulant for admission to our companionship was supported by a formidable array of distinguished fellow-members, but this vintage warrior presented an equally formidable list of possible reasons for disqualification; submissively we put the candidate's name back for a month, and his supporters marshalled all their arguments in his favour; his opponent shook his head obstinately at each one, and then—utterly unabashed—grunted: " Don't like the feller anyway, and won't have him in my sight."

It is now the turn of the Americans, who are a great deal more powerful and a great deal less patient than ourselves, to run head on into this pillar of Norman granite. They are showing signs of being in an " up-with-which-we-shall-not-put " mood, of awe-inspiring sternness—or rather, awe-inspiring to anybody but de Gaulle, who strides on, to all appearances blandly unconcerned about the howls and squeals of indignation.

The General has never been much of a chap for hunting around to find the appropriate formula acceptable to all. Only once since his reassumption of power has he compromised on a major issue—Algeria—and the results, in metropolitan France as much as in Algeria, are hardly such as to persuade him of the benefits of changing the outlook and habits of a lifetime. He is not now prepared to budge over what is to him the supreme issue: France's role in world politics. He totally rejects, in theory and in practice, the almost universally fashionable concept of interdependence, because he is certain that, so far as the Western Alliance is concerned, it means (in the end) dependence on the United States. The lucidity and the firmness with which he expounds this thesis infuriate the American Government. But the General's sin is even worse; he wounds the Americans' *amour propre*. Convinced as they are of the nobly benevolent altruism of their policies in the past two decades, and sharply aware of the money and the blood they have given in support of those policies, they are, as Nanny used to say, proper mortified at being pictured as power-hungry dictators, ruthlessly imposing their will on their satellites. In the General's cruel cartoon is there just that stab of truth which goes to the heart of the Americans' dilemma ?

At any rate the rift between France and the United States has now become too wide to be papered over. One consequence has been that Nato has been brought to almost complete paralysis; and to reinject some new animation into the apparatus, MLF—a force of surface warships armed with nuclear missiles and manned by crews of mixed nationalities—has been devised. To the surprise, and not a little to the irritation, of the Pentagon, Britain at first opposed this novel proposition; wasn't there some quaint notion somebody had about the independent role of the Royal Navy? Pressure was brought; and by the middle of last week, Colonel Alun Gwynne-Jones could record that " the cogent political arguments " advanced by the Americans in favour of MLF had been generally accepted by British experts. I wonder whether Colonel Gwynne-Jones, for whose professional knowledge and views I have a deepening respect, has any more idea than I have how quickly or how effectively even the most cogent political argument could get an anti-missile missile off the launching platform, after warning Red.

Nevertheless, one manifestation of that obsession with the symbols of nuclear independence, which (in the view of Mr McNamara and his band) Britain regrettably enough still shares with France, looks like being squashed. France however is a much more obdurate case of Sinn Fein; and the General is a great deal more intractable than the British Ministry of Defence's experts.

The sacred soil of France

In the last days of September a rough little comedy was played out on the higher levels of what it is still at least courteous to call international diplomacy. General de Gaulle, in his Lyons speech on September 28, made a forthright proclamation of France's independence of the United Nations, of Nato, and of EEC. From none of these, he declared, would France henceforth tolerate any interference in her policies. Prospering economically (let no one mention the ugly word " inflation " in the General's hearing) and secure behind her own nuclear striking force, France would offer to a distracted and fearful world both a rallying point and an example of what the steadfast pursuit of national independence could achieve, despite the existence of the two rival hegemonies of the United States and the Soviet Union. The Americans countered this calm and confident affirmation with a curiously complicated piece of manoeuvring. While one gaggle of their experts got busy, in a conference in an Oxfordshire country house, earnestly telling their British colleagues that the chief reason for urgency over MLF was the danger of Western Germany striving to build up its own national nuclear force, another *troupe*, either in Washington or in Bonn, tried to negotiate an agreement whereby the West Germans would get a share in the use of some American military supply bases in France. The story of these discussions leaked, significantly, in London; Bonn promptly denied that they had been held, but the denial, smooth though it was, lacked conviction.

Inevitably, General de Gaulle was angered. In their obsession with interdependence, Mr McNamara and his colleagues had overlooked the fact that the soil of France is as sacred to the General as the memory of Trafalgar or Cape Matapan is to some ageing British admirals. The General, however, has means of implementing his nationalistic sentiments that are no longer available to British admirals, however gallant and however distinguished.

He took care to have it pointed out, as promptly as possible, by spokesmen at the Quai D'Orsay that the bases under discussion —at places, ironically enough, with historic names like Verdun, Metz and Nancy—were not Nato bases at all, but had been placed at the disposal of the Americans under bilateral agreements which, like a good many other leases in France, make no provision for subletting by the tenants. This put the ball back firmly in the Pentagon's court; and there was a flush of embarrassment visible on some of those eager young faces. For the idea of German access to US bases in France had a financial and logistical as well as a political motive at its back, and was the complement of the plan—as a contribution to dollar savings abroad—to reduce the total of US forces in Western Germany by between 30,000 and 40,000 men. A fairly tidy deal was in prospect, and the little leak in London, followed by de Gaulle's restrained but unmistakable assertion of France's refusal to let her sovereignty be disregarded, put paid to that particular arrangement.

For the US Government it was all the more unfortunate that Dr Gerhard Schröder, the West German Foreign Minister, was in Washington during the last week in September, and immediately pressed President Kennedy to abandon the proposal to reduce US forces in Germany. In solemnly reproving tones he reminded American newspapermen that his country regarded the presence of US forces on its soil as a matter of vital concern, and explained that a cut of 600 men in the establishment of the US garrison in Berlin, made without consultation with Bonn, had caused distress to his Government; and he went back to Bonn, it seems, having extracted from Mr Kennedy a pledge that there would be no repetition of this unfortunate lapse. Did a fleeting glacial smile pass across de Gaulle's countenance when he learned this news ? And I cannot help wondering who was the anonymous Francophile in London responsible for that leak . . . .

Right: President de Gaulle allows amateur photographers to take his rather awe-inspiring picture as he stops in a schoolyard in Villefranche-sur-Saone. He was on his recent provincial tour of France, the 20th such tour he has made since his return to power and by all accounts the least successful of them

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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Denning Report

Lord Denning reported that one swallow does not make a summer nor does one sinner establish a sharp decline in the integrity of public life. The Security services throughout the affair performed their duties properly within the scope of what the Security Chief judged to be his duty. The Government throughout the affair acted honourably according to its principles, but didn't quite achieve "reasonable precautions." It was odd that no one, until Lord Denning investigated, seems to have remembered that for some years responsibility for security has switched from the Premier to the Home Secretary as court of first instance. It is for the latter to decide what to pass on to the Premier in such matters. On the issue of morality as opposed to security, "no machinery exists" for probing into the private lives of Ministers, and such machinery would be repugnant to the "English way of life." The more one reads of the report, the more one feels what a rum kind of investigation it was. Even Lord Denning thought it so. What saved it from the totally rum is only the obvious integrity, impartiality, thoroughness and brilliant abilities of the man who conducted it.

Back to No. 10

A trenchant leader in the *Daily Telegraph* commented on the return of Tory chief ministers to their houses in Downing Street after a £3 million face-lift. It would have cost the nation much less (it said) to have restored charming Admiralty House and to have scrapped the jerry-buildings of a 17th-century contractor. But there it is. The Downing Street houses are fresh as paint can make them again, and the chief ministers will soon be settled in. Newly decorated houses demand new furnishings, and since terms of tenancy are impossible to forecast, and tastes in furnishings differ, there may be soon enough another little bill to foot before and/or after the General Election. For a little hint dropped by Lord Denning has been magnified into a portent, suggesting that Mr Macmillan has suddenly realised that he is no longer young, and that, despite his Delphic assurances, may be a very temporary tenant of No. 10. That might mean new curtains and carpets and cocktail cabinets not once but twice before 1964 is out.

At the start of the Law Term, Lord Denning, Master of the Rolls, walks in procession to the House of Lo[illegible]s

Liberal Logic

Rome was not built in a day, and if its first mud walls had been laughed out of court, Rome might not have been built at all. As it was, the mud walls increased in height, though at the expense of casualties. The new Liberal Rome is being run up on the site of an earlier ruined capital which played quite a notable part in history in its day, and perhaps the older political parties are as illogical as ungenerous in condemning the Liberals' new mud walls as mere selfish sabotage and self-advertisement. After all, the Tory and Labour parties are not perfect; they have their critics outside the Liberal ranks, and if the Liberals hope to build a new party to replace them as our only alternatives, how can they go about it except by small beginnings and parapet walls of modest and ridiculous height? They haven't the men or the means to rear in a night a prefab city of skyscrapers, and to present us with a *fait accompli* alternative choice. Some of us don't like what they are doing. It lets us in for 20 years which may prove uncomfortable and dangerous—socialist rule or shoe-string-majority governments incapable of constructive reforms. But that is only one point of view—the view of the party which suffers most casualties as the Liberal mud walls rise. "Some of us" must revise our views of this Liberal sabotage and find other grounds for criticising their methods of building. For all building must start with foundations. The domes and the spires rest on foundations and cannot hang from the clouds. That is universal logic. We must switch our criticisms to complaints of the mud they use and of the exuberant picture of the spires and domes they promise to erect and, according to individual taste, must hope that the rain will wash their mud walls away or result in casualties to the party we do not support. Painful as it may be, we cannot dispute their logic—or their constitutional rights. The party system may have been made vulgar and farcical perhaps, but it was never inexorably restricted to two parties.

Who's Who in the Sonnets

Dr Rowse's confident identifications of the *personae* in Shakespeare's Sonnets has touched off another round in the eternal dog-fight that is waged round the name of Shakespeare and round his works. For that I am grateful to him, but I hope (and indeed expect) that he has not given Shakespearian speculation a final KO. How dull life would become if our rarest national butterfly were ever pinned down, explained and catalogued; if a dreadful day should dawn when we had to admit more certain knowledge of the man of Stratford than

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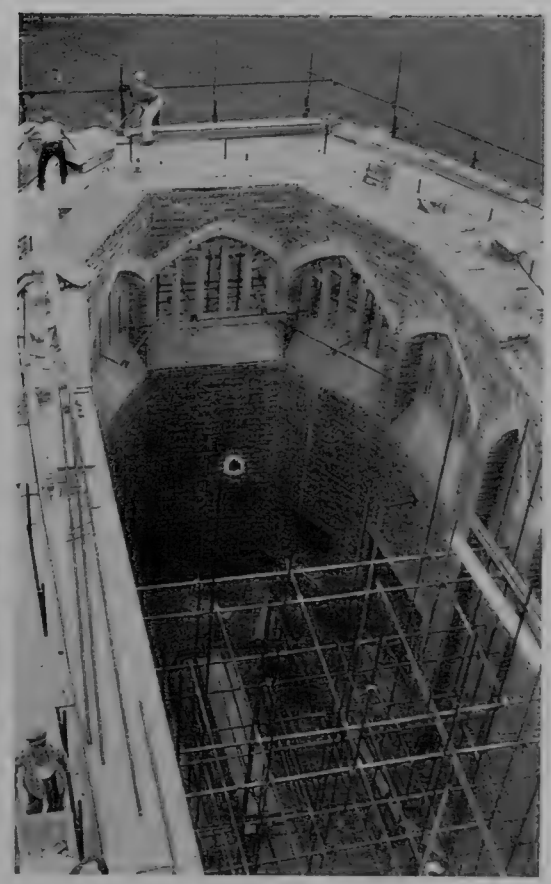


Judges, in the traditional ceremonies, make their way from St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the House of Lords

the date of his death, a signature on a will and a parchment or two, and some contemporary notices! All too many of our little mysteries have been elucidated by scientists, archaeologists, historians and literary commentators; and almost nothing remains today for the delightful recreation of ingenious guessing. By and large, until near the end of the 17th century, only a handful of intelligent men felt the slightest interest in Shakespeare. From Rowe in 1709 to Rowse in 1963, he has been the subject of books and articles which would fill to bursting an outsize Bodleian annexe. The text collators were first in the field and the egregious Warburton still holds the palm for his "improvements" on Shakespeare's poetry. The Baconians produced the most exciting who-dun-its. The historic approach is the latest bulldozer, though we are still promised help from the grave-robbers. We don't want dull proofs and hard facts. Leave us still our old dubiety.

Island of the Blest?

A report on Jersey by its former MOH, suggests the tourist slogan: "Come where the booze is cheapest." In Jersey £1 buys twice the amount of pure alcohol that it buys in the UK and the island's "resident drinkers" consume twice as much as in the UK. The Islanders smoke much more tobacco, too—at least a third more *pro rata* than in the UK, and again the attendant ills bulk much larger in the island. Dr Darling, author of the report, is teetotal and does not smoke. His statistics are calculated to make the residents' flesh creep, even if they still encourage holiday-makers. For Jersey's suicide rate is double that of the UK. His remedy? Double or treble the tax on the retail price of these poisons. It is as simple as that. When gin was cheap in Britain, the big island was a paradise for the poor. Or was it? In the early 18th century when a man could get "dead-drunk for tuppence," the vital and the crime statistics do not suggest a paradise. But I dare say Dr Darling's statistics will be challenged on the Island, which has a very popular appeal for tourists and emigrants from our affluent mainland.

Thanks to St. Martin

St. Martin's Summer is a name loosely given to periods of summer-like weather occurring in autumn. The Americans call it the Indian Summer, and when they get it in the States, they get something. When St. Martin obliges in England, especially after a dismal summer, we get something not less enchanting. The country dweller gets his neighbourhood to himself, the beaches are again clear of crowds and transistors, the commons and open spaces return to solitude, the schools have re-opened and the roads are less congested. These may be selfish benefits, but the September and even October sun shines on all with a beneficence and, I think, a health-giving virtue which has twice the merit of a burning July or August sun, and twice its charm. The butterflies enjoy the Michaelmas daisies, the dragonflies glitter over the pools, and the autumn colours make a golden tapestry. Thanks to St. Martin we actually enjoyed 12 continuous days of the best he can offer—the best of two worlds or seasons, the sun to warm and brown us by day and the wood fire to comfort us by evening. And the farmers had the last chance they almost despaired of and for the most part got their harvests home.

The Old Stager

Above: This new 16-storey block of flats at Gosport, overlooking Portsmouth Harbour, has a 135-ft. high mosaic, in white, red, blue, and black, as decoration

Top: Workmen move a slab of masonry along a catwalk at the east end of the Lady Chapel of Guildford Cathedral. With the completion of the shell of the building, it has been decided to go ahead with the interior decorations and fittings of the Lady Chapel

THE LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF 007

Somewhere in Russia a renegade assassin, Red Grant (Robert Shaw), is being trained to kill Bond. Here Grant is massaged by a beautiful Russian masseuse (Jan Williams)

A trap is prepared and Secret Service agent James Bond (Sean Connery) is lured to Istanbul. At the beginning of his story, the British agent in Turkey takes him to a friendly gypsy encampment. One of the delights of the gypsy feast, naturally enough, is a belly dancer (Leila)

These stills are from the second James Bond adventure to hit the screen. It is from Ian Fleming's *From Russia With Love* and opens at the Odeon, Leicester Square, this Thursday, October 10. (It can also be seen in many parts of the country by the following week.) Few thriller writers have hit the jackpot so consistently as Ian Fleming with his hero James Bond, Number 007. The double-0 prefix, for anybody who does not yet know, means according to Fleming that the agent is licensed to kill for the Secret Service. *From Russia With Love* is the one about the beautiful Russian girl who is used to trap Bond with the promise she will defect to the West with a highly secret Russian cipher machine, and is set mainly in Istanbul and Venice. The first James Bond film, also starring Sean Connery, and made by the same producers, Harry Saltzman and Albert R. Broccoli, and director Terence Young, was a stupendous success when it was released through United Artists last year. It achieved a cunning amalgam of savage mayhem and tongue-in-the-cheek glamour which obviously caught the imagination of a vast audience. Everybody in the industry is waiting to see whether the team can repeat their success, always a tricky business. Anyway fresh trimmings are promised, including a title song by Lionel Bart, and a new selection of girls. (The producers are confident enough to have announced plans for a third James Bond film, *Goldfinger*, to be made next year.) One warning: anyone who has read *From Russia* and thinks he remembers the plot should know that a new twist or two have been added.

Back in his hotel, where he has been given the honeymoon suite, Bond, fresh from a shower, discovers that there is a girl in his bed. Of course, every British Secret Service agent worth his salt is never without his gun, even in the shower, and Bond is able to deal with the situation

A savage highlight of Bond's visit to the gypsy camp outside Istanbul is the fight to the death of two gypsy girls, Vida (Aliza Gur) and Zora (Martine Beswick). Both are in love with the same man and the fight has been decreed by the gypsy chief to solve the dispute

Meanwhile the Russian agents in Istanbul, learning of Bond's whereabouts, mount a fierce attack on the gypsy camp and Bond and his friends are forced to shoot their way out of trouble

He learns that the girl is Tatiana (Daniel Bianchi), a Russian cipher clerk, whom he is to help flee to the West and who is in love with him. Bond does not know, although he might have guessed, that she is part of the trap

Bond and Tatiana escape from Istanbul on the Orient Express. On the train, the Russian killer, Red Grant, catches up with Bond. After an exhausting fight, Bond manages to kill him. This is not the end of the story; more hazards lie in wait

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

54 **NIGERIA**

Three years after it became fully independent, the Federation of Nigeria declared itself a Republic on October 1. It had been announced some months previously that this step would be taken, thus bringing Nigeria into line with the general trend among the newer countries of the Commonwealth. Dr Nnamdi Azikwe, (pictured on right) formerly Governor-General, became President of Nigeria. From the Queen, whose place he takes as Head of State, he received a message of goodwill. From Mr Macmillan, Britain's Prime Minister, a message went to the Prime Minister of Nigeria, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, to say that the change was not felt to alter the deep friendship and understanding between the two countries. It also welcomed the decision of the new Republic to remain a member of the Commonwealth.

UGANDA

With the adoption by the National Assembly of the Constitution of Uganda (First Amendment) Bill 1963, Uganda becomes an Independent Sovereign State. The country was due to cease from October 9 to be a part of the Queen's Dominions, although it has chosen to remain a member of the Commonwealth. The Head of State will be a President, with powers very much the same as those of the Governor-General whose place he takes. At a press conference in Entebbe, Dr Milton Obote, the Prime Minister, said that the title of President had been agreed by the Cabinet but that it was open to change if anyone could think of anything better. The doubt as to its appropriateness arose because Uganda, composed as it is of several kingdoms, will not become a republic. The position of the Kingdom States in the Constitution will in fact be further entrenched by the provision restricting candidates for the Presidency to the Rulers, Kyabazinga (Deputy Rulers) and the Constitutional Heads of Districts. As the President will not have executive powers it was not thought necessary for him to be elected by a nation-wide vote. Instead he was to be elected by voting members of the National Assembly, the Federal Assemblies and the District Councils.

Right: Cutting cane on a sugar plantation on a large farm in the Eastern Region of Uganda

Below: The Uganda National Assembly building is on one of the hills of Kampala, the capital

Below right: Picking coffee, Uganda's second most important cash crop

Below far right: Fishermen below the Owen Falls hydro-electric dam which provides power for East Africa

Above: In the Kenyan bush, an aircraft of the Police Air Wing directs Game Rangers towards poachers sighted from the air. Action against such poachers of wild life is one of the many tasks of the Game Department, whose work has recently been the subject of discussion in Kenya by the International Union of the Conservation of Nature Conference

Left: At the Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition at Olympia in London Mr Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture, samples dried fruit at the Australian stand

Below: Mr J. Ade Tuyo (centre) and his son Bayo (left), from Nigeria, examine bread loaves on their stand, with Mr Tom Glass of the Distillers Yeast Association

THE CHANGING 'CHANGE

By The Sphere City Correspondent with specially taken photographs

56 Like many other British institutions, the Stock Exchange is currently undergoing a period of re-appraisal, not perhaps as rapidly as its critics or indeed some of its members would wish but, nevertheless, there is already tangible proof of change for the outside observer. Symbolically, the Stock Exchange building itself, which has stood for over 100 years hidden between Throgmorton Street, Threadneedle Street and Old Broad Street in the heart of the City, is soon to be rebuilt. Inside, for three years now, a mechanical system has been used for settling bargains in place of the steel pen and ledger, and automation is gradually taking over the thousand and one humdrum clerical operations that lie behind the simple order to buy or sell a share. Even the number of operations is being reduced, thanks largely to pressure on the Government by Stock Exchange members, which has led to this year's introduction of a simpler system of transferring shares between sellers and buyers.

But outwardly, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of the Stock Exchange's changing attitude is its willingness to try to explain itself to the world. For more than ten years now, J. Walter Thompson, the American advertising agents, have been advising the Stock Exchange on public relations. Over this period, almost every year, there have been innovations. There is now a public viewing gallery with attractive guides to explain the workings of the Stock Exchange, a glossy and it must be confessed somewhat out-of-date film (shortly to be replaced) of the Exchange's history, and a steady flow of informative literature for schools and institutions.

All this is a far cry from the cliquey coffee-house atmosphere of the mid-18th century where the early brokers used to meet to swap shares in such companies as 'The Lutestring', 'The Sword Blades' and the still-existent 'Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay'. In 1773 a group of stockbrokers decided to take over a building on the corner of Sweeting's Alley and 80 years later the present Stock Exchange was constructed on the site.

Over the past half-century and especially the past 15 years, the business of the Stock Exchange has expanded dramatically. The total value of shares in the 9,000 or so securities quoted on the London stock market is now over £55,000 million. It is sometimes forgotten by new investors (especially followers of the cult of ordinary industrial shares) that over a third of the Stock Exchange's business is in Government fixed interest stocks—the principal method used by the authorities to raise medium and long-term finance from the investing public. It is also perhaps sometimes overlooked in the volume of day-to-day business in existing ordinary shares, that one extremely important function of the stock market is to enable companies to raise fresh capital, either through fixed interest loans or by issuing additional ordinary shares. The cost of borrowing in this way is a blend of current interest rates and the company's standing in the investment world.

Conducting the business of the Stock Exchange today are some 3,500 members, spread between just over 300 firms of brokers and (following a series of mergers) about 80 firms of jobbers. The biggest of the broking firms boast 20 partners, though there are a few two-man concerns. The biggest jobbing firm runs to 16 partners. Although there is still no (*Continued on page 58*)

Above: At first sight, the Stock Exchange trading floor, of which this is a general view, may appear to be confused. In fact, the informal groups of members represent different markets—such as industrial, foreign and gilt-edged. By long tradition these occupy their own positions on the floor, so everybody knows where they can be found. The floor is nearly 100 yards long and occupies almost ¾ of an acre. It needs to be large: there are normally some 3,500 members and their clerks dealing on the Exchange

Right: The daily conference on Exchange affairs is held in the Chairman's room. From right to left: Mr R. F. M. Wilkinson, Deputy Chairman; Lord Ritchie of Dundee, Chairman; Mr H. M. O. Knox, Deputy Chairman; and Mr C. D. Morley, Secretary

Above: On the vast trading floor of the Stock Exchange, jobbers stand at their pitches where their price boards are hung. Brokers and their clerks move about the floor of the House collecting prices and transacting their clients' business with the jobbers
Left: All the members of the Stock Exchange used at one time to wear top hats and some still like to carry on this custom. The Stock Exchange however dates back to before top hats were worn. Its first premises were formally established in Sweeting's Alley in 1773
Far left: In the centre of the picture is a 'waiter' engaged in controlling the intricate communication system. Waiters summon members to the telephone, either by calling out their names or by flashing numbers on the illuminated boards above him. There are 11 waiters stationed at stands around the House

THE CHANGING 'CHANGE *continued from page 57*

Above: The Visitors' Gallery is open from 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily. Here a guide explains the activity on the floor to a party of schoolgirls
Above right: Many firms of brokers have boxes where prices are entered on boards and copied on to closed circuit television linked with clients' offices
Right: These boxes are only a few yards from the floor and act as vital communication centres
Below right: On the floor, a deal is entered in notebooks. No documents change hands at this stage
Bottom right: A stockbroker meets a client to discuss and give advice on investments. His office is in the heart of the City within easy reach of the Exchange

formal training or examination, the rules for Stock Exchange membership have recently been tightened. All new members—regardless of their background—now have to serve a minimum of two years as clerks. They must also pay an entrance fee of 1,000 gns, have sureties ranging up to £1,500 put up for four years, and in addition buy a "nomination" from a retiring member who himself used this way of joining. The prices of nominations (dealt in as a sideline by two firms of jobbers) have ranged since the war from £5, when times looked bad, to £2,000 when the Exchange has been booming and membership looked attractive.

The rewards of Stock Exchange membership are traditionally comfortable, though the jobbers (who hope by their skills to make a turn from the prices at which they buy and sell shares to brokers) can often be heard complaining when prices are changing too fast. For jobbers have to put up the capital to hold a pool of shares and stand considerable risks if the market goes sharply against them. By contrast, the broker (who lives by dealing for clients on a laid-down commission basis) thrives on active dealing. Though acting for clients provides their bread-and-butter business, some brokers earn additional income by investing on their own behalf. An averagely successful stockbroker can be a partner by the time he is in his early 30's and is probably earning £2,500 a year. A really outstanding man can make £10,000 a year by his early 40's.

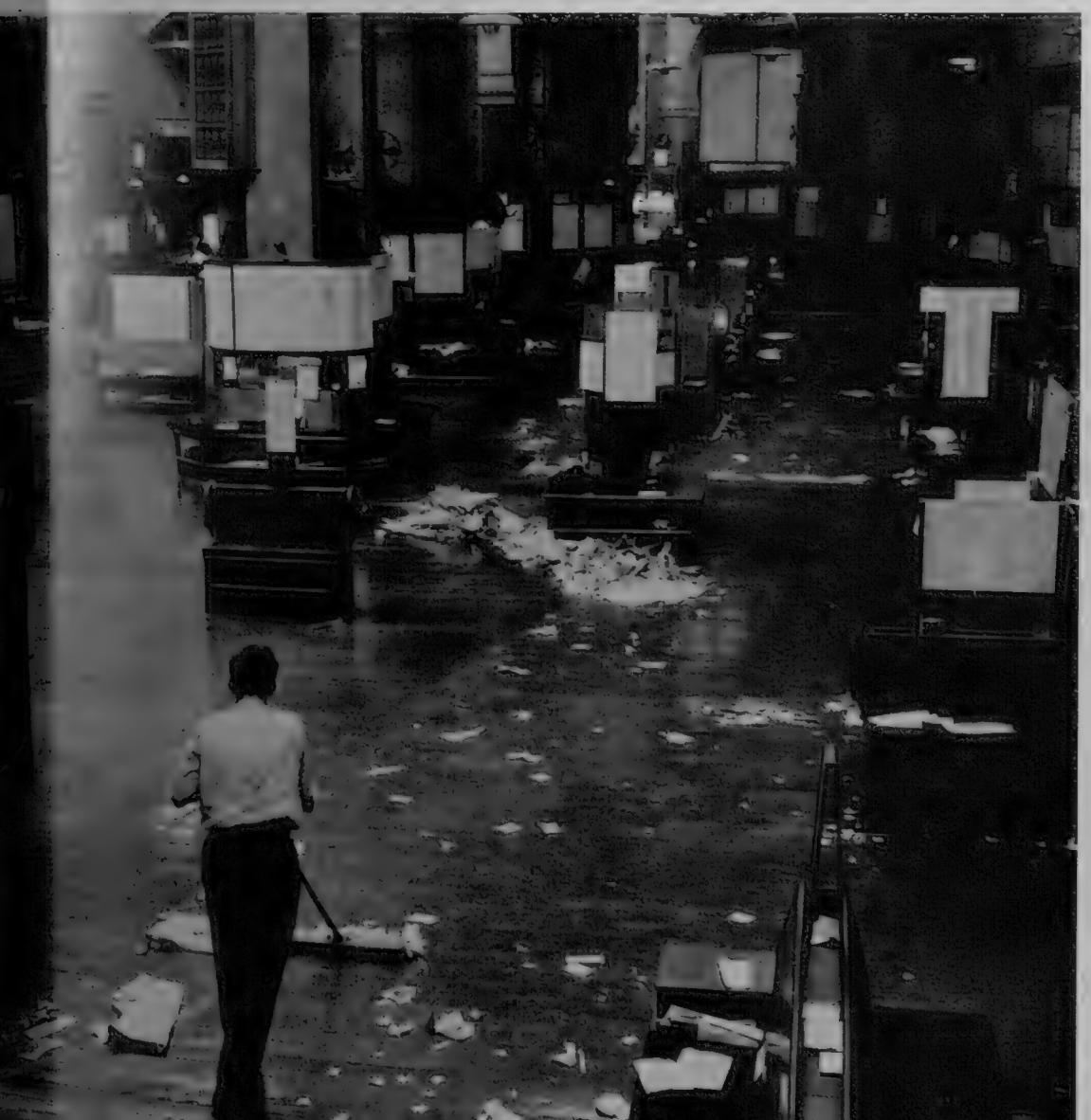
Far and away the most important clients of the brokers are the "institutions," and in particular the insurance companies which have a steady source of investable income from the premiums they collect. It has been estimated that the insurance companies alone own nearly 10 per cent. of all the stocks and shares on the market. Close behind them come the pension funds, banks, investment trusts, charitable funds, trade unions and the unit trusts.

By contrast, the private investor is a relatively small individual buyer on the Stock Exchange, though the rapid rise in the number of individual investors will probably present serious administrative problems to members in the next few years. At present, much of the administrative burden of small investments is being taken—for a management fee—by the unit trusts.

But today's unit trust holders will probably be tomorrow's sophisticated direct investors, and by then the Stock Exchange will have had to gear itself to the implications of wider share ownership. For the Council has publicly taken the responsibility to provide "an up-to-date, efficient market place wherein the public may deal in stocks and shares safely and quickly." At present its responsibilities are being adequately discharged, but further unrelenting modernisation will be needed to cope with the needs of the next decade.

Left: In the Settlement Department, electrical machinery has replaced heavy manual labour involved in clearing bargains between member firms. An operator checks results on one of these machines, while beyond her a control panel used to 'instruct' a machine for a specific task is returned to store

Below: The Government broker (right) walks with a Stock Exchange waiter through Capel Court on his way from the Bank of England to the Exchange to announce any change in the Bank Rate. He enters the Exchange every Thursday morning at 11.45



Above: Under the trading floor of the Exchange is the strongroom where 1,100 safes contain the documents of member firms

Left: The Stock Exchange has closed for the day, and the floor is cleared ready for the next day's business

MORE ABOUT BLANDFORD

60 "Not much further down the river where the hills pinch in more, Blandford Forum with its background of the ages sits on the bank without any of the conscious dreaming of past glories such as might be found in Shaftesbury and Sherborne. Blandford has been a market place and river ford for a very long time and yet has not many of the relics that so often prove to the most casual eye that a town has a long history. It is said that the place was very subject to fires on a big scale and as recently as 1731 their Great Fire destroyed everything except 40 houses. So it is not much wonder that the town has none of that charm of real old streets and houses." And that is all that Eric Benfield, in his *Dorset*, has to say about Blandford Forum. The town does not deserve such cursory treatment.

Dorset people seem, in the past, to have had a fondness for fire. Reading the histories of Dorset towns one cannot but be struck by the number which have suffered disastrous fires. But the people of Blandford had a positive passion for setting the place alight. Camden refers to a fire which almost entirely destroyed the town in 1579. Gerard, in his *Survey of Dorset*, records another which must have occurred about 1610 (Gerard died in 1634) but says of the town "yet it's risen up again fairer built than before." Another big fire broke out in 1676, a still bigger one in 1713. But the fire of June 4, 1731 was more disastrous even than that of 1579, for by this time the town was much larger.

It started about two o'clock in the afternoon in a thatched house near the junction of the Salisbury and Shaftesbury roads. A strong north-west wind was blowing at the time and within 15 minutes 20 houses were alight. Within half-an-hour three of the primitive fire-engines were burnt out and soon the whole town was ablaze. The wind veered to the north and increased in strength, and pieces of burning thatch were blown half-a-mile across the river to destroy the neighbouring villages of Blandford St. Mary and Bryanston. By midnight (by which time there were no fire-engines left) the roof of the church had fallen in and by the following morning there was virtually no Blandford Forum. Some 400 families were rendered homeless—these were housed in temporary barracks erected on the north-eastern outskirts—and the loss in terms of money was estimated to amount to more than £85,000: at present day values, a positively enormous sum.

"It is an ill-wind that . . ." One of those most grieviously hit financially by the fire was John Bastard, the head of a local and long-established firm of cabinet makers. The man who profited most from the fire was John Bastard. For it was he who, with his brother William, rebuilt Blandford.

They were faced with a heap of scorched rubble. The temptation to produce an entirely new "town plan" must surely have been immense. But the Bastard brothers seem to have followed pretty faithfully the layout of the old town when they built the new. The Blandford of the Bastard brothers, which is to all intents and purposes, at least in the centre, the town we see today, is—with the exception of the two main thoroughfares, Salisbury Street and East Street, and these two, I think, follow the lines of Roman roads—a town of somewhat irregular streets; streets that have developed from paths fashioned by the wayward feet of men rather than streets built for men. Moreover, the Bastards rebuilt the church on the old site.

The brothers were artists. You have but to stand at the east end of the forum and look westwards and note the elaborate treatment of the house-fronts along the south side and the dignity of the whole to realise this. As artists, the brothers must have been sorely tempted to rebuild the church in such a position as to form the central feature of the forum. A modern town-planner would certainly have placed the church centrally and at the end of the forum so that, seen from the west, it would form the end of a vista. The brothers resisted temptation. So it is the facade of the Town Hall, standing in the middle of, and dominating, the range of house-fronts (which are now, of course, shops) on the north side of the forum, which catches the eye and not the church a few yards farther on, on the same side. The brothers, it is evident, were not concerned with building a new town, but with rebuilding the town they knew.

They were fortunate, of course. They had no need to consider the future. They were not bothered by any of the problems which beset the modern town-planner. They had not, for example, to try to make provision for a rapidly increasing volume of traffic. All that they were really concerned with was rehousing the population affected by the fire as quickly as possible.

So far from considering the future, they were not forward-looking men at all. They were up-to-date, of course; fully aware of the trends of their time. The Town Hall is definitely Palladian in character and so is the delightful little fountain-temple which they built in 1760 to commemorate the fire. But though Blandford is a Georgian town, and a wonderfully complete example, it is a Georgian town because it was built in the Georgian era and not because it follows any specifically Georgian school. Indeed, walking about Blandford, one cannot escape the impression that the Bastards were really influenced by the architects of an earlier generation.

The whole effect—the casual informality imposed by the pre-fire layout, which gives a multiplicity of glimpses and never a vista—is charming. The inscription on the fountain-temple memorial tells us that it was erected "in grateful acknowledgment of the Divine Mercy that has since raised this town, like the phoenix from its ashes, to its present beautiful and flourishing state." That was composed 200 years ago.

Today, Blandford is a very flourishing place and in its maturity, it is surely more beautiful, with the bricks weathered, than it was 200 years ago. I wonder if one will be able to say as much of any of our "new towns" in 200 years' time? I doubt it. For they are built by forward-looking men, attempting to cater for a future no one can foretell.

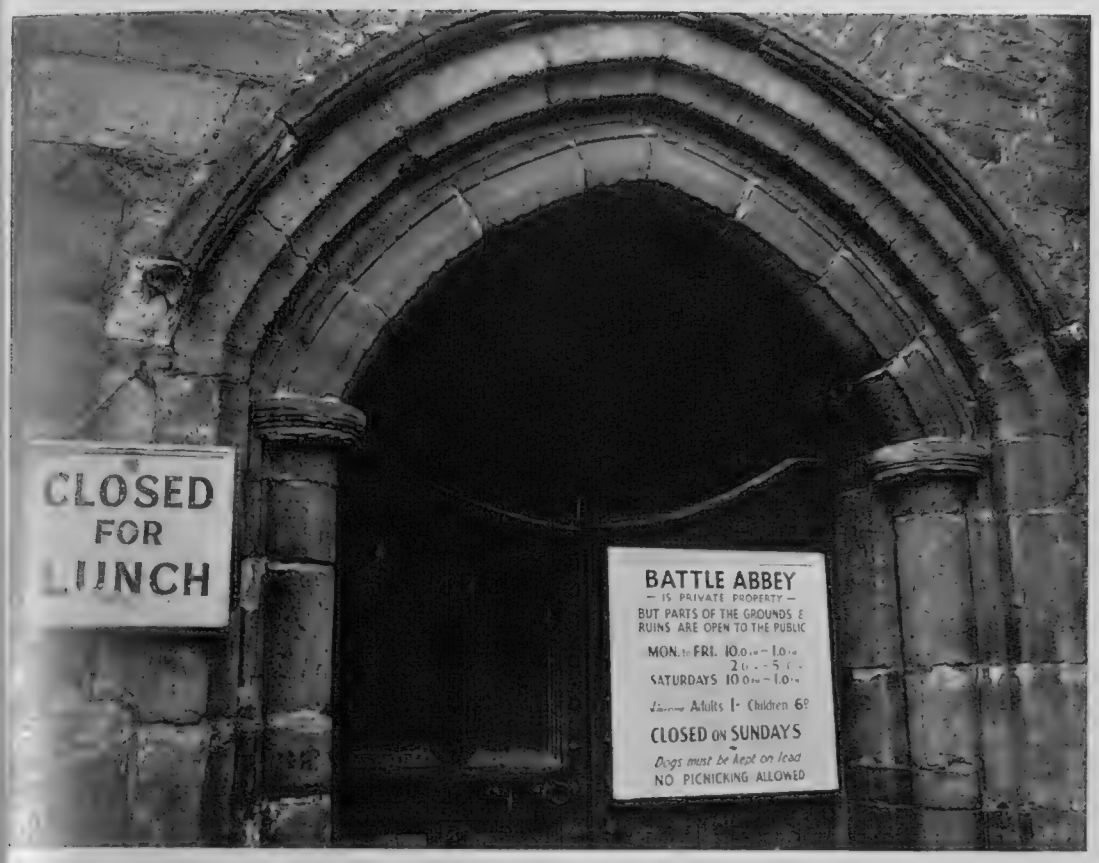
'Welcome to an interesting Georgian town'

Whitewashed cottages at Sturminster Marshall, a village between Blandford and Wimbourne in Dorset

BATTLES LONG AGO

Photographs by Brian Shuel

" For old, unhappy, far off things," so Wordsworth wrote in the line before " And battles long ago." The battlefields in Britain (apart from the compulsive reminders of Germany's air assault in the last war) are certainly " far off ". Anyone setting out to trace them will find a fascinating range of present day use. The stones of Powick Bridge remain which saw Royalist and Roundhead in combat at Worcester. Some scenes of conflict are still as bleak as they must have appeared to their participants. Others present a contemporary aspect.



Top left: The gateway to Battle Abbey in Sussex is on the site of the Battle of Hastings, fought in 1066. The Abbey was founded by William I in performance of a vow and is now for the most part in ruins. It was a Benedictine monastery free from episcopal authority. This led to many disputes in the Middle Ages

Top right: The gravestone for the Clan Mackintosh on the field of the battle of Culloden in the Highlands. The rout of the Scots under Prince Charles Edward in 1746 put paid to Jacobite hopes of recovering the throne for the Stuarts. Each Clan which opposed Cumberland had a burial ground for its dead

Above: A disused coal mine and a railway line at Bannockburn, in Stirlingshire. Here in 1315 the Scots under Robert Bruce won their great victory over the English who were commanded by Edward II. As a result of their defeat the English were expelled from Scotland and Scottish independence was established

BATTLES LONG AGO *continued from page 61*

62 **Right:** The scene of the death of Warwick the Kingmaker—the Battle of Barnet—in 1471 is now in part a golf course. It was one of the Yorkist victories in the Wars of the Roses

Below: A plaque in the wall of a bank in St. Albans records that in 1455 an inn stood here and before it during the first Battle of St. Albans the Duke of Somerset was slain

Below centre: At Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire a housing estate has been built on the land where Yorkists and Lancastrians fought furiously in 1471, a month after the Battle of Barnet took place. The roads are named after those participating in the battle

Above: The old bridge at Powick outside Worcester was standing when the Battle of Worcester took place in 1651. The bridge was hotly contested because it was of great tactical importance

Above left: An inn sign commemorates another of the battles in the Wars of the Roses. Mortimer's Cross is in Herefordshire and the battle was another of those fought in 1471

Right: A signpost points to the battlefield of Sedgemoor, in Somerset. Here, in 1685, the forces of James II defeated the attempt of the Duke of Monmouth, Charles II's illegitimate son, to oust the king from the throne

Above: Children play on the site of the pits in which the dead were buried after the First Battle of Newbury, in 1643, a Parliamentary victory in the Civil War

Top: Today, the railway looks down on the winding defile of the Pass of Killiecrankie. In this battle a force sent by William III in 1689 was routed by Jacobites under Viscount Dundee

Above right: The Cromwell memorial at Naseby. It stands near where the Roundhead leader, formed up his troops for the decisive charge in the battle in 1645

CAIRO TO ABU SIMBEL

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

64 There is no night quite as dark nor as suffocated with stars as the African night; no silence quite as all-enfolding as the silence of the desert. In spite of awareness that something is about to begin, you are lulled by the warm dark void into a false acceptance of its emptiness. Until suddenly light floods and takes on shapes and texture which are the most familiar in the world. The Sound and Light performance at the Pyramids has begun.

This is the best, the most breath-catching possible first view of them, and really the perfect introduction to Egypt. By day the Pyramids are marvellous monuments rising in the heat and dust of the 20th century. By night, they speak across 45 centuries, so palpably that you cannot doubt the changing expressions on the face of the Sphinx nor fail to visualise the growth, inch by inch, of the largest monuments built by man for himself. The voices of the Sphinx, of Cheops whose Pyramid is the greatest of all, of Chephren his son, and Mycerinos his son's son, of dynasty succeeding dynasty, speak out from the exquisite interplay of light and shadows here on the plateau of Gizah, a few miles from the heart of Cairo.

History is almost overpowering in Egypt, its monuments so great and so numerous that there is risk of reaching saturation point. There is, after all, a limit to the number of pharaohs, dynasties, and their accompanying temples and tombs that anyone can take in a restricted time; it is just a question of being selective.

Distances in Egypt also tend to take one by surprise. It is about 750 miles from Cairo southwards down the Nile to Wadi Halfa on the Sudanese border: 120 miles northwards to Alexandria and the Mediterranean. Getting about is considerably facilitated by the domestic flights of United Arab Airlines whose jet services also link Cairo with London and many other parts of Europe. Their Viscounts cover the distance between Cairo and Luxor in 1½ hours, and Aswan in a further 40 minutes. These two centres between them provide an interesting slant on Egypt, past and present. The arid desolation of the Valley of the Kings, about five miles away on the other side of the Nile from Luxor, resembles nothing more than a vast devastated quarry: so does the fantastic enterprise in progress at the High Dam of Aswan. But as you descend into the tombs of these kings near Luxor, all is coolness and quiet and you are never quite prepared for the shock of pleasure at the perfection of form and colour that mutely awaits you frozen for ever on walls, ceilings, pillars of these underground palaces of the dead. It is a far cry from the 20th century drama of the Aswan Dam where, under a blaze of artificial light, an inferno of activity in which 30,000 people are involved continues through the night.

In Luxor it is well worth taking the traditional conveyance—a horse and buggy—to the temples of Karnak, a couple of miles out of town, timing the return if possible to coincide with sunset as you jog back along the Nile-side. In Aswan, don't miss this time a genuine quarry—the one which provided granite for temples and tombs of the ancient pharaohs

Above: Mohamed Ali's Mosque on the Citadel in old Cairo
Top right: The 'Embankment' in Cairo, with the Nile Hilton hotel on the right
Right: The Temple of Rameses II at Abu Simbel, soon to be cut in sections and re-erected above the water level to rise behind the High Dam at Aswan
Far right: The Nile at Cairo, looking east over the city from El Borg, one of the many new hotels to have been built and opened recently

all along the Nile. You will find there a monumental obelisk, one side still rooted into the basic rock, cracked and abandoned by workmen of three or more millennia past.

New hotels have been constructed in both Luxor (the New Winter Palace) and Aswan (the New Cataract) and offer an excellent standard of comfort. Generally speaking, this kind of accommodation compares in price with its equivalent in Europe, but meals are considerably cheaper while some pleasant local wines, such as Omar Khayyam (red) and Crû des Ptolemées (white), sell at a quarter or less of the price of those imported from Europe. Lower priced accommodation tends to be a little antiquated but, at the expense of a little fresh paint and streamlining, are well worth considering for more limited budgets.

Not all the monuments and history of Egypt, however, will give you the feeling of the country as a few days spent travelling on the Nile itself. It is today just as much the country's life-blood as it was when Rameses caused his many marks to be made along its banks. It has taken 3,300 years and the High Dam to threaten those monuments with obliteration in a way which successive waves of invaders and even the piously destructive Copts did not achieve.

Only the temples of Nubia, south of Aswan, will be affected, of course, on that stretch of the Nile which is to become a lake of 500 kms. long (350 in Egypt, 150 in the Sudan), and an average of 10 kms. wide. There is something very nostalgic about the coming winter season in Upper Egypt. Already next year the water will begin to collect behind the first stages of the new dam, and though it will be several more years before the new Nasser Lake takes its final, permanent form on the map of the world, things will never be quite the same again. Already the evacuation is about to begin: monuments are being moved, so are a quarter of a million people from their mud-brick villages to new specially built communities and a safer, more comfortable but unfamiliar future. Soon the handsome natives of Nubia will no longer be wading thigh-deep into the thick brown waters of the Nile, trading their melons and water melons and flat unleavened breads with the passenger barges plodding upstream to Wadi Halfa. Soon Wadi Halfa won't even exist, though today as you walk down its dusty streets on the edge of the desert, there is no hint yet of its impermanence.

Between November and April an assorted fleet of Egyptian tourist boats ply the waters of the Nile, their routes offering permutations on the theme of Assiut-Luxor-Aswan, where

it is necessary to change boats for Aswan (or Shellal)-Abu Simbel. The duration ranges from about three to nine days, the shorter trip costing from about £30 all-in. The first trip of the season, which begins in Cairo, and the last which ends there, is of course longer. For those with very limited time, a hydrofoil service from Aswan does the journey to Abu Simbel and back in one day, but the leisurely three-day trip is far preferable. Finally, there are the regular all-the-year passenger services of the Sudanese company starting just south of the High Dam, a few miles south of Aswan-Shellal, usually stopping at Abu Simbel, and for the moment ending at Wadi Halfa. Accommodation on the ancient barges is simple but adequate and very cheap. If you go as far as this, you will need a yellow-fever certificate in addition to one for smallpox, and a visa for the Sudan.

These days spent on the Nile are unforgettable, their rhythm as timeless as the river itself. Plantations of maize stand out startlingly green against the yellow desert; village succeeds village without interruption, often hardly distinguishable from the sand and rock on which they are built; shaggy palm shapes are blessedly asymmetrical against the plateau and pyramid shapes of the dead world that lies beyond. At sunset, the sky throbs with colour; night brings coolness, and the Nile glints ashen and silver under a sky with its immense burden of stars.

A dozen or so temples can be seen from the deck on the way from Aswan to Wadi Halfa. Abu Simbel provides the great climax towards the end, about 160 miles south of Aswan. The risk of disillusion from any monument that has been vaunted and discussed as much as Abu Simbel is very great indeed. I doubt if it will fail you. Its lone situation, the sheer immensity of it and the weight of its years, the unashamed self-glorification of a man and his deeds would be enough; but to come across all this at night and find the interior of the temples ablaze with electric light, in spite of forewarnings to the contrary, was a rare moment. A dozen or so of the European passengers, armed with water and food, decided to camp out for the night. We picked them up next day, hot and very dusty, but enviably happy with their sojourn in the sand at the monumental feet of Rameses.

A couple of days later you can be back in Cairo. Here, the Nile pushes its way between sophisticated concrete shapes: the Semiramis Hotel, Shepheard's next door, the Nile Hilton, Cairo Tower with its revolving restaurant. The views from all four are simply lovely, and even more so at night.

Generally speaking, Egypt is a country highly suited to the packaged tour of which there are now many organised from the UK. But this should not discourage the more lone-minded visitor for whom the main pre-requisite is patience. It is in any case useless to become irritated by slow service, conflicting information and sometimes confused arrangements. There are ample compensations.

For further information: United Arab Republic Tourist Information Centre, 62A, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Means of access: London-Cairo by United Arab Airlines, BOAC, etc., from £99 15s tourist excursion to £210 18s 1st-class return. Shipping services are maintained from UK ports to Port Said or Alexandria by companies such as P. & O., Royal Mail, Union Castle.

CHASED BY CHINESE BUTCHERS

66 **Blood and Thunder** by Dwight Taylor: Michael Joseph. 18s, is a son's biography of his father; unconventional, since his father was an unconventional man, and affectionate, since evidently his father for all his vagaries was a man to inspire affection. Charles Taylor was a playwright in the early 20th century, the author of such melodramas as *Rags to Riches* and an expert at providing the audience with as many thrills as they could stand. In this he was helped by his young actress wife who obediently allowed herself to be tied to sawmills, thrown to wolves, hoisted to railway trestles, burned at the stake, shot from horses and chased by Chinese butchers—all in theatrical terms. Mr Taylor, Jr. has written most amusingly about his parents' colourful life and has contrived to make the record as touching as it is candid.

Dudley, There is No Tomorrow! Then How About this Afternoon? by Shepherd Mead: Macdonald. 18s, is an American fantasy by the author of the novel, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, at present running, in its dramatised version, in London. Success, we are told, is something that Mr Mead understands and the present book is selling briskly in its native New York. How well it will go here depends on the reader's reactions to expensive Long Island suburbia, a generous proportion of scenes played out between bottle and bed, and some racy and undeniably funny dialogue. I found it entertaining with some oddly tender scenes between the eccentric narrator and his 17-year-old son.

Love, Let Me Not Hunger by Paul Gallico: Heinemann. 21s, is a novel written in as different a mood from the last as imaginable. Mr Gallico's subject is a small English travelling circus, stranded with its players and its animals on the hot and arid plain of central Spain. Theirs is a struggle for survival for not only must they find food and shelter for themselves but for the animals who are essential to them: the one elephant, the "big cats" and the pathetic monkeys. The author treats them all with the sympathy and tenderness which have become almost the hallmark of his books, and brings them through to their just deserts.

The Girls of Slender Means by Muriel Spark: Macmillan. 17s 6d, opens with a sentence as explanatory as it is neatly phrased. "Long ago in 1945," writes Mrs Spark, "all the nice people in England were poor, allowing for exceptions." Her novel deals with a handful of these nice people who are girls living at a club designed for the use of "Ladies of Slender Means . . . who are obliged to reside apart from their Families in order to follow an Occupation in London" and an enchanting, odd and wilful group they are, as depicted by this remarkably sensitive and humorous writer.

White Huntress by Susan Chitty: Methuen. 18s, is a high-spirited and, for the most part, amusing account of the adventures of two debutantes sent to Africa by their parents in the hope of finding the husbands which a few London seasons have failed to provide. The husbands, incidentally, are to be white and preferably either the sons of expatriate noblemen or coffee farmers or both. Light-hearted stuff though Miss Chitty has an admirably observant eye.

An Elderly Retired Man by Kathleen Nott: Faber. 21s, is a novel which reminds one, yet once more, that poets are apt to write very good prose. So it is with this story of Miss Nott's about a man whose retirement from the Civil Service means anything but the tranquil, contemplative life. On the contrary, Mr Cluer goes home from his office party, takes a long hard look at his wife and, after some hesitations which are very much in character, makes off for Sicily and a reluctant and, in the end, catastrophic love affair. Subtle and quite absorbing.

None So Blind by Leslie Hale, M.P.: Gollancz. 18s, has a brisk, almost a hearty manner in its telling and deals with a small and mythical African state which has much in common with some of the newly independent African countries and is a matter of concern to our own Prime Minister and to the Foreign Secretary (also imaginary types). Mr Hale has a good deal of fun with the machinations of both English and African politicians and a light hand with dialogue.

The Golden Handshake by Brock Williams: Alvin Redman. 18s, treats of the world of big business, of steely eyed tycoons reaching for the million mark, of faithful secretaries and faithless wives. It is all quite readable, more than credible and a little depressing.

How Much? by Burt Blechman: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s 6d, brings us something new; not so much an angry young author as a furious little book. It is about a family of four living in New York. The husband, wife and son had been living comfortably if carelessly on their own; now they have to make room for the wife's mother, an old lady, newly widowed, unhappy and poor. It is recognisably their duty. It is also a bore and, as Mr Blechman puts it in his jerky but effective style, it is the grandmother, her sorrow and her unforgivable quality of being obsolescent, who is at the core of the story, revealing the true characters of parents and son alike.

A Very Small Remnant by Michael Straight: Jonathan Cape. 18s, takes the reader back to events of 100 years ago when the United States is engaged in a war against the Indians in the Colorado Territory, as it then was. Mr Straight has written about a young major who, contrary to orders, tries to make peace with the Cheyennes, wins their confidence and then finds that he has made it possible for his superior officers to massacre the Indians in a surprise attack. Whatever one's opinion of western films, this is a novel that should not be missed.

Harm's Way by James Bassett: Heinemann. 25s, is the story of an American naval officer's rise from captain to admiral in the terrible year that followed Pearl Harbour. The author, who

ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND

The History of Tunnelling by Gosta E. Sandstrom: Barrie and Rockliff. 45s.
The Tunnel by David Lampe: Harrap. 21s.
Conquistadors of the Useless by Lionel Terray: Gollancz. 30s.
Home from Sea by Joy Packer: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.
A Book of Gardens edited by James Turner: Cassell. 35s.
Forbes Carlile on Swimming: Pelham Books. 25s.

All over the world, and from very early times, communities have had to tunnel, whether in search of precious stones and metals for their livelihood, or because of their growth, to ease communications, supply water and dispose of sewage. This sort of work for the most part goes unheralded and unsung. It is only when the news of catastrophe and death strikes, as miners are buried under collapsing rock or engulfed by the waters, that the tunnellers hit the headlines. In a comprehensive work Gosta Sandstrom takes us from the earliest days of the Stone Age miners to the modern-day miners now pushing their way through the heart of Mont Blanc on the latest and most ambitious of all the Alpine tunnels, piercing indeed Europe's most formidable barrier. Despite some modern techniques, and the great care of their men now taken by constructional engineers, tunnelling still remains a supremely dangerous task, and in our congested cities the necessity for it is greater than ever.

Turning from the general to the particular, David Lampe tells the story of the building of a tunnel, a very particular one indeed; for it was the great Thames Tunnel begun in 1825 and completed in the '40's, the first public lane under a navigable river, the link between Wapping and Rotherhithe, the creation of the bankrupt French engineer Brunel, and the wonder of the age. This was a sweaty grapple in soddened darkness with all the adverse elements of flood, quicksand, mud, gases and fire; but in the end came success, a leakproof tunnel which was inaugurated with a vast municipal banquet on red plush carpets within the tunnel itself. David Lampe's story is told with factual accuracy, and he invents no conversations among those concerned in this frustrating enterprise. But none of the essential drama is missing. It is a matter of interest that the great driving shield invented by Brunel in those early days is of much the same pattern as the shield now driving the new Blackwall Tunnel on a £4 million contract due for completion in 1965. The Brunel job cost a mere £400,000, but in building it he ran risks that would never be countenanced today.

Lionel Terray is an Alpine Guide, but a guide with a difference. He has done his share of shepherding customers up and down the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, but he has taken time off to climb some of the stiffest peaks in the Alps, in the Himalayas and in South America, among them the north face of the Eiger, the formidable Annapurna, and the stark slopes of the Fitzroy in Patagonia. Terray's climbing autobiography, illustrated with some 80 photographs, is a magnificent piece of work, reflecting the philosophy of the climber, man lifted by the spirit of endeavour, by an unquenchable will to survive, but a determination "to pick those roses that grow on the borders of the impossible." At the finish he writes most movingly as he glimpses the end of his long and spectacular career.

himself holds the rank of captain, USNR, has written at perhaps too great a length but with undeniable force and even passion about his hero, a dedicated man whose facade is as grey and rigid as the ship he commands but whose inner life is beset by doubts and even anguish. I found this is a thoroughly likeable novel with a great deal of humanity.

Hussar Honeymoon by Jerrard Tickell: Hodder and Stoughton. 16s, comes under the heading of entertainments and also of that livelier kind of novel which has gaiety as one of its intentions. The story is concerned with two young cadets in Budapest, both eligible for commission in an exclusive Hussar regiment, but daunted by the fact that there is, in the year of 1900, only one vacancy. An old tradition is therefore revived and the two meet in a tournament, including supremacy at horsemanship and other less military feats. A cheerful piece of invention and as such very welcome.

The Dead Can't Love by Judson Philips: Gollancz. 15s, is a thriller, set in New York, and playing a number of variations on the old device of identical likenesses. Almost too ingenious for comfort but written with masterly smoothness and a nice sense of conflicting characters.

Adders on the Heath by Gladys Mitchell: Michael Joseph. 16s, features Dame Beatrice Lestrange Bradley, her athletic secretary, Laura, and a precocious small boy in whom I believed only occasionally. Rather a deliberate one and not precisely a thriller but immensely readable.

The Subject of Harry Egypt by Daniel Brown: Gollancz. 15s, takes one back to New York and is an admirable can't-put-it-down-er about an engaging young man innocently involved in the kidnapping of a V.V.I.P. Half the fun is in guessing why that extra V for Very should be added. Recommended. **Vernon Fane**

Joy Packer, a distinguished South African novelist, writes the autobiography of her last ten years, a book that bespeaks her deep love of the Cape Peninsula, where she has made her home, and her sadness for the shadows that lie across her native land. This for herself and her countryman has been a dangerous decade, and she does not for one moment underestimate the dangers that lie ahead.

James Turner's collection of original essays on some aspects of gardens and gardening is full of pleasure and surprises. The Earl of Cranbrook writes entertainingly, for instance, on *Small Garden Mammals*, hedgehogs, shrews, field voles and the like. Ronald Blythe waxes eloquent on *Indoor Gardening*, while Edward Hyams' *Vineyards in England* arouses visions of Gloucestershire Chablis and Glamorganshire Beaujolais. From the third to the 20th century there was never a time, he says, when there was no vineyard in England.

Finally, a great Australian swimming coach, Forbes Carlile, describes some of the secrets of his successful technique. Drawings, diagrams, and photographs assist the text. **Richard Edmonds**

STEPS TO THE TOP

Dora Bryan as Cosette with Richard Wattis as Lieut. Paul Duchesne in the musical comedy section of the new revue, *Six of One*, presented by Peter Bridge at the Adelphi in London. As a vehicle for Dora Bryan to show her splendid versatility, the musical follows the career of a comedy star like her—from child performer in pantomime, who cannot get out of her giant egg; through concert party and a spoof *Merry Widow* operetta to finally Dora Bryan as herself. There are a number of straightforward revue items as well. Notable among the cast are Amanda Barrie, Dennis Lotis and Sheila O'Neill. The show has been devised by Francis Essex.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

CHAIRMAN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE: **LORD RITCHIE OF DUNDEE**

Lord Ritchie was elected Chairman of the Stock Exchange in 1959, having been Deputy Chairman for the previous five years. He became a member of the Stock Exchange in 1926 and was elected to the Council in 1947. In 1952 he acted as Chairman of the Committee which brought about the successful revision of the Commission Scales and was Chairman of the Property and Finance Committee for five years. He was Chairman of the City Committee which recommended to the Government reforms to the system of transferring shares. These are taking effect this month. Born in 1902, John Kenneth Ritchie is the third Baron and the grandson of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer. His father was Chairman of the Port of London Authority for many years. Lord Ritchie was educated at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. He served in World War II as a Captain in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was Chairman of the Bow Group of Hospitals 1948-1958, is on the board of Hutchinson Ltd., the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders Ltd., and the Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Co., and is senior partner in the firm of Richardson and Glover, stockbrokers. An enthusiastic tennis-player all his life, Lord Ritchie is a member of the committee of the All England Lawn Tennis Club. He is also a keen amateur gardener

CAN ENGINEERS SELL STEEL?

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

There was a time in the early post-war years when people used to complain that the top management of British steel—and many other industries for that matter—was too much dominated by accountants. In the last five to ten years, most of these dominating financial figures in steel have been succeeded, in the normal course of things, by some of the younger and less cautious men underneath them—in the main, by engineers. These engineers were largely responsible, it is fair to say, for perhaps the last big surge of capital investment in steel, from about 1959 to 1962—although the accountants whose interest in expansion was sometimes questioned could fairly claim that it was under their command, in the post-war era, that the biggest bout of expansion and modernisation the industry had ever seen had already been largely carried through.

It seems just possible, now, that new rumblings of a different kind of discontent with attitudes at the top, are developing. A young steel marketing expert with whom I was discussing the industry recently, for example, had quite different classifications of companies into "progressive" and "hidebound" from those that I would myself normally apply. He was concerned with their attitude to selling, the extent to which they were prepared to experiment with unconventional forms of promotion on the one side and with detailed liaison over new production possibilities with their customers on the other. And some of the companies that he considered backward from this point of view were the very ones in which outstanding engineers had come to the top during the last five years or so.

The last two years of recession in the steel market, certainly, have been sorting out companies that are strong on the marketing side from those that have put less emphasis on this. This was not the first time since the war that the time-worn complaints that "Now that the sellers' market is gone, we are short of a generation of salesmen" had been heard in the industry. But in earlier breaks in the market these had taken on rather a sound of "Wolf, Wolf"; pretty soon pressure on the industry's capacity had tightened up again. The present is the first time that outside commentators have been prepared to say of the British steel industry, as the National Economic Development Council said this year, that "it is unlikely that any refining of these estimates could alter the conclusion that capacity for which provision has already been made will be adequate to meet demand in 1966 without any major net additions." That certainly, to a degree, shifts the emphasis off investment and expansion and on to selling.

It does not, in my view, take the emphasis off engineering, or suggest the need for some entirely different brand of top management. "Market development" in steel, as the industry nowadays calls it, is as much a matter of engineering as of marketing expertise: this is a "hard sell," to expert engineering customers who need to be convinced, not beguiled. But it does need some reorientation of the engineering emphasis in this industry—a reorientation which steel is behind most other industries in the British economy in being forced to undergo.

The biggest shift during the last few years has been in the recruitment, by most companies, of technical salesmen. These usually have to be engineers themselves, au fait with the production requirements of a wide range of industrial customers and able to suggest to them ways of filling the bill more cheaply with steel. They have to combat attitudes that customers, too, learned during the era of shortage—for example, the habit of specifying reinforced concrete instead of steel framing that was fostered, at any rate, by regulations in the middle '50's requiring the building industry to engage in "steel economy."

Just how far the swing to reinforced concrete does represent "technological substitution" of one material by a more economical substitute is inevitably a matter of bitter controversy. What the makers of structural steel have to do—they put in a lot of new and specialised capacity in the late '50's, but have had a hard time building up the demand to employ it fully—is to ensure that concrete is selected only where it really does save money. This can be a matter of engineering, too; the new structural beams are more efficient, in terms of strength for weight of steel, than the old, and innovations like United Steel's composite beam, which uses a heavy T-member in conjunction with reinforcing rods and concrete to get the best of both worlds, can tip the balance back. Structural steel has in the last few years recaptured one or two major contracts that people had assumed would be built in reinforced concrete. If the steel companies that have constructional engineering associates could mount a really determined effort to bring erection times down to the records that have been achieved in the United States and Japan, this kind of construction could regain a lot more of the market battleground.

Are the patterns of selling that the industry has developed over the years adequate to the much more competitive conditions of today? In the export field, for example, there was a time when some companies depended mainly upon collective selling organisations for given classes of steel, and the orders were more or less allocated according to the load on each steelmaker's capacity. This was rational and even economic behaviour for periods of recurring shortage; but in the last few years most individual steel companies have been building up their own foreign selling organisations again. The British Iron and Steel Federation and the "conferences" for different kinds of steel have been changing their own role somewhat, too; concentrating on collective promotion to back up the detailed marketing that particular companies have to do for themselves. Whether the independent merchant should take a bigger part in the marketing of steel, on the other hand, remains a hotly argued question. Merchants themselves claim a wider knowledge of potential markets; manufacturers are inclined to think that where technical expertise counts so much, their own direct selling works best. (They also complain that merchants get involved in the dumping of steel, here and abroad, which steel industries everywhere dislike so much.)

The engineering hierarchy at the head of British steel today, moreover, has one underlying contribution it can make to the marketing of steel; reducing costs. One of the dangers of an era of replete capacity is that an industry may cut right down on capital investment, because expansion becomes unnecessary. Yet major reductions in cost—apart from the big improvements in "housekeeping" that any company under pressure usually finds out that it can make—often depend on capital investment, too; and constant attention to new technological possibilities of improving quality without increasing costs or actually cutting costs for standard products, becomes essential. One of the impressive features of the American steel industry over the last six or seven years, since it too passed its peak of total demand, has been the continued heavy spending on accelerated replacement of obsolescent plant, and the readiness to go on investing in order to save costs. Though marketing experts, in the front line of selling steel, may be tempted at present to devalue production engineering and development, this industry's future may still be decided by the readiness of British management to go on spending money to save money as resolutely as the Americans.

Inspecting works at the Peterborough scheme for ash disposal. The group includes members and officials from the local councils whose districts will be affected by the project. This new scheme for the disposal of ash from the Trent Valley Power Stations is described on the following pages

ASH DISPOSAL

By The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

70 Finding holes for dumping refuse has become a major problem in industrial societies, as any Midlands manufacturer or property developer can confirm. Few, however, face the scale of problem that burdens the Central Electricity Generating Board. In the Midlands Region alone the Board will have to dispose of 3,400,000 tons of ash in 1964-65, and as the giant new power stations along the Trent come into operation that figure will rise to a staggering 6 million tons in 1970-71. Small wonder, therefore, that the Board thought it worthwhile to show off recently its major scheme for disposing of the pulverised fuel ash into more than 2,000 acres of derelict worked-out clay pits in the Peterborough area.

From these pits have come millions upon millions of bricks over the past 80 years. Now the empty pits lie useless and abandoned, some water-filled, some overgrown with scrub, some, plainly, just hideous. The present holes will take up to 30 million tons; the brick companies' plans for future workings will raise the total to about 52 million tons. For this the Board will be paying, in the early stages, about 2s 6d a ton, taking into account the capital cost of building a reservoir $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in circumference and with its own extensive railhead system. The total cost for this first stage will be about £3 million.

Water from this reservoir, mixed with the ash to form thick wet slurry, will be pumped into the pits by stages; after a settling period, much of the water will be pumped out and used again in other pits. Ten train-loads, each carrying 1,000 tons of dust in specially-designed wagons, will be the daily capacity of the railhead. When they have been covered with topsoil, the pits will be restored to agriculture, being leased out by the brick companies. Even more profitably, some of the northern parts of the area—which will be familiar to anyone using the King's Cross to Edinburgh main line—are more than likely to be used for housing in future years as Peterborough expands.

As things stand, the CEGB seems to have solved part of its problem for about ten years, once the scheme gets under way in 1965, and it should have a bonus for about another seven years or so in catching up with the brickmakers. But after that? CEGB officials will talk privately of adding carefully landscaped artificial hills to flat East Anglia, or even of filling in the Wash. Meanwhile, the price of holes will keep spiralling —upwards.

Above right: The first stage in the Central Electricity Generating Board's plan for the disposal of ash from the Midland Power Station is the construction of a reservoir. This will provide water to mix with the ash to form a slurry that can then be disposed of in the worked-out clay pits. The civil engineering work for this £1·5 million project is being carried out by Lehane, Mackenzie and Shand Ltd. in conjunction with Shellabear Price Ltd.

Above centre right: A view from the cab of a crane used for lining the sides of the worked-out clay pits with hard-core

Above far right: A type 71 RB face shovel clearing callow and loading it on to a dump wagon during the work on the reservoir. About 5 million cubic yards of earth have to be moved

Right: One of the first constructional tasks, the general service water pump house at the intake culvert

Far right: Scrapers at work preparing a bank in one of the brick pits which will be used for dust storage. Since May 21, work at Peterborough has been going on round the clock in 12-hour shifts

TOP YEAR FOR CARS

by The Sphere City Correspondent

72 The car industry is all set to achieve a new production record. Figures announced recently by the Board of Trade show that in the first eight months of 1963 just over a million cars came off the assembly lines in Britain. This is some 25 per cent. more than last year and about 2½ per cent. above the previous eight-month record in 1960. Unless there are severe interruptions due to strikes or other unforeseeable contingencies, the car makers' order books and planning schedule for the last four months of the year point to a new all-time record being set in 1963.

The reason for the good output figures can be found both in home and export demand. Home sales have been boosted by the Chancellor's cut in purchase tax last November and the further general stimulus to consumer spending in the April budget. But there has also been a healthy rise in exports. The latest figures show that in August exports accounted for some 40 per cent. of total output and were a new export peak for the industry—vindicating, it would seem, the rumoured "understanding" between the Chancellor and the leaders of the motor industry that if purchase tax were cut on cars, output would not be deflected from the export market to domestic buyers.

The major manufacturers seem to have shared in the upsurge pretty equally. Giant of the industry, the British Motor Corporation (Austin, Morris, Riley, Wolseley, MG, etc.), has recently announced that in its financial year ended last July, output of vehicles (which includes a range of commercial vans and lorries) was a new record of just under 750,000 or 25 per cent. more than in the previous year. Profits are also expected to be up sharply when the figures are announced early next month. After 32 weeks of the financial year the trading profits of the group were some £8·5 million, which on the basis of the last set of full year's figures points to trading profits for 52 weeks of perhaps some £17 million.

But the stock market has taken the news relatively calmly—the shares have only come up from 13s 10½d to around 16s now—because even £17 million of trading profit is only likely (after charges and tax) to provide sufficient earnings to just about cover a maintained dividend. Last year the company had to draw heavily on a special reserve created for bad years. Nevertheless, BMC may follow the example of other leading companies and celebrate the pre-election year with a scrip issue which would cheer the market. Although at the present level the yield on BMC is a useful 6¼ per cent. (against the market average of 4¼ per cent.), these are probably shares to hold for the 1964 results, if as seems likely the current production level is maintained through much of the winter.

Among the other leading car manufacturers, Ford, of course, is no longer quoted since it was taken over by Ford of Detroit. Its export figures have been good, but it has been suffering bitterly from labour disputes and the last two sets of profit figures were sharply down on the 1959-1960 years. Vauxhall, which is vying with Rootes for third place among the manufacturers, is also unquoted, being a subsidiary of General Motors, but is significant for the impact it has on Rootes. Vauxhall chose 1961 to launch its exceptionally successful Victor just when Rootes was suffering from a prolonged strike at a subsidiary factory, and now when Rootes' new "baby," the Imp, is just facing its first real marketing test after the initial excitement of the launching, Vauxhall has come out with its version of the small car, a rather more conventional model called the Viva.

Of the other manufacturers, Jaguar and Standard-Triumph are both doing well in export markets. Jaguar have just produced yet another version of their car: the "S" type, and are believed to be having another successful year. For investors the attraction lies in the company's earnings of 200 per cent., providing ten times cover for the dividend and a useful earnings yield of 12 per cent. to compensate for the meagre dividend yield of 1¼ per cent. But how far the board will liberalise its dividend policy—and how soon—are open questions, and these are shares for the long term.

More intriguing, perhaps, is the probable impact the recovery of Standard-Triumph is having on its parent Leyland Motor Corporation, the heavy commercial vehicle group that took it over three years ago, heavily over-stretched. In Leyland's financial year ended September, 1962 Standard did not contribute to group profits But since then there has been a dramatic improvement in Standard's export sales, especially to the USA, and this coupled with the Leyland group's sharply higher commercial vehicle sales and order book means results in January could be good. Leyland shares at 88s yield 4½ per cent. covered 1¼ times.

Mr G. C. Brunton, Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., presented "The Sphere" Challenge Cup to Mr N. Royds (picture above) at the Illustrated Newspapers golf meeting at the Royal Mid-Surrey Club at Richmond last week. Mr Royds (73 nett) also won the cup last year. Runner-up was Mr D. J. M. Lowe. Winner of the best score over 9 secret holes was Mr T. Treen. Victors in the bogey foursomes were Mr N. Clark and Mr F. N. Gascoigne, and Mr E. T. M. Smalley and Mr P. Needham were runners-up. The putting competition went to Mr A. Pemberton.

"SPHERE" GOLF AT RICHMOND

Above: Mr P. Jackson (left) and Mr M. Henderson
Top: Mr L. Siggins (left) and Mr D. Lowe are together at the meeting on the Royal Mid-Surrey Course

Above: Mr R. L. Stinton (left) and Mr W. J. Hewi
Top: Mr R. N. Clark (left) and Mr F. N. Gascoigne who were the winners of the bogey foursomes

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GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

I have news of the next series of Gastronomic Weekends which are creating such an interest at The Imperial, Torquay. The idea of these epicurean adventures, which were first started just over two years ago, is to transplant the cooking and wines for a whole weekend, in each case of a chosen restaurant from the Continent well known for its culinary qualities. Each time the patron and the chef of such an establishment are brought to The Imperial, where with the full co-operation of the resident chef and his " brigade," they take charge of every meal, from Friday night's dinner to Sunday night's dinner. Usually there is a Gala evening on Saturday night, and sometimes a wine-tasting of the region concerned in the morning. Each menu of the five main meals is composed by the visiting chef and contains specialities of his house. Needless to say, the wines are carefully chosen to fit each course. Guests pay an inclusive charge for all their food and wine, rooms, cocktail parties and other entertainments for the weekend, or they can join in individual meals, also at a charge which includes all the wines.

The opening of the 1963-64 series is a "Parisian Weekend," (November 29 to December 2) when the visiting restaurant is one I know well. In fact I wrote at length a few months ago about the " En Plein Ciel " on the first floor of the Eiffel Tower and its dynamic patron, M André Pignarre. Two such strong personalities and experts in their own fields as he and Mr Michael Chapman, who directs The Imperial, and their combined resources cannot fail to produce an outstanding occasion, and I am sure that the " regulars " who visit these weekends and the new converts will find something worth talking about. To complete the picture I must add that the wines for this weekend are being selected and presented by the cream of shippers from the various regions of France: Louis Eschenauer (Bordeaux), Lanson (Champagne) and J. Thorin (Burgundy) through their respective agents in Britain.

As it happens, I also know from personal experience the visiting restaurants to be featured at the remaining two weekends. " Aux Armes de France " of Ammerschwihr is doing an Alsatian weekend at the end of January. Its patron-chef M Gaertner is one of the most respected exponents of the very specialised cuisine of Alsace. Only a short while ago, when I was staying nearby I enjoyed two outstanding meals there, and among the specialities I tasted several are to be included in the menus at The Imperial, such as M Gaertner's original creation Le Coq au Vinaigre, La Brioche de Foie Gras Frais, and the Sorbet au Gewuerztraminer.

The third weekend at the end of February is to be a Swiss Weekend given by the Hotel Euler of Basle whose director, M Scheel, has made a great reputation for most distinguished cooking. From here two specialities which I sampled recently come to my mind, both quite outstanding: Filet de Boeuf au Poivre Vert, the steaks are cooked with juicy fresh peppercorns which have a sharp spicy flavour but are much milder than the peppercorns we know, and a fabulous hot dessert, the Gratin des Framboises Valaisanne.

German wines with their infinite variety and complicated nomenclature remain a mystery to many people. For those who love them and wish to understand them better André Simon and S. F. Hallgarten have produced a magnificent, lavishly illustrated book *The Great Wines of Germany* (McGraw-Hill, 72s 6d). It ranges from the 2,000-year history of the German vineyards to the making of the wines, their naming, the individual description of the various vineyards and their grapes, the great vintages, even the sparkling wines, German brandy and casks, glasses and bottles. All of them have chapters of their own.

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MOTOR SHOW ROVER

76 One of the most striking of the new British cars on view when the London Motor Show opens at Earls Court next Wednesday will be the Rover 2000. This sleekly elegant saloon, powered by a 4-cylinder, overhead-camshaft engine of 1,978 c.c. and with a Rover-modified de Dion rear axle, is a complete breakaway from the kind of car which has long been associated with this famous marque. Up to now Rover design has been conservative, perhaps even stodgy. Even though brilliantly engineered, built to last and meticulously finished, the Solihull firm's cars have appealed mainly to motorists in the higher brackets of age, income and respectability. The Rover 2000 will help to create a new and more youthful image for the firm now presided over by Mr George Farmer, this year's president of the SMMT. It is a further projection of the new Rover policy which has led to full-scale participation by 3-litre Rovers in some of the toughest international rallies.

The price of the 2000 is attractive. At £1,264, including tax, it comes in between the two cheapest cars in Rover's five-model range: the £1,237 " 95 " and the £1,382 " 110." (The other two Rovers are the 3-litre saloon and coupé models.) The 2000 is a 100 m.p.h. car, with effortless 90 m.p.h. cruising made possible by a free-revving engine which has a compression ratio of nine to one and which produces 90 b.h.p. at 5,400 r.p.m.

Striking exhibit at the Motor Show, the Rover 2000, a 100 m.p.h. car powered by a 1,978 c.c. 4-cylinder engine

I have tested the new Rover over a variety of roads in Warwickshire and found it an exciting car to drive, with impressive acceleration, first-class road-holding and cornering and a high degree of smoothness and quietness. The makers claim a fuel consumption figure of 36 m.p.g. when the 2000 is driven at a steady 50 m.p.h. The overall m.p.g. is more important, of course, and I hope to check on this before long. An interesting feature of the engine design is that the combustion chambers are the hollow piston crowns. The de Dion axle differs from the normal layout by having a sliding tube which confers the advantage of a beam axle in that the rear wheels always remain parallel, without the disadvantage of excessive unsprung weight. A Rover engineer told me: " It possesses the smoothness and stability of independent rear suspension without the penalty of wheel misalignment and heavy tyre scrub."

A great deal of thought has gone into the design of this car. For instance, the steering wheel can be adjusted vertically; the switches (in a neat row on the African walnut facia) are recognisable in the dark by their shape as well as being identified by name and symbol; there are adjustable fresh air vents on the facia rail in front of driver and front seat passenger; the spare wheel can be stowed either vertically or flat in the 16¼ cu. ft. boot or fixed to the outside of the boot lid for holiday touring.

The four-speed, fully synchromesh gearbox is controlled by a short central lever in just the right place, the disc brakes all round (inboard at the back to reduce unsprung weight) give effective retardation under all conditions. Rover has spent £10½ million on a new assembly hall and paint shop at Solihull. It has a potential capacity of 550 cars a week.

Motor Show news items

From a mass of other Motor Show news which keeps flooding onto my desk I select the following snippets. . . . BMC announce that following the unveiling of the Austin 1100 there would be no additions to their car range for the London Show and the cars at Earls Court would continue to represent their selling range for the whole of the contractual year ending July 31, 1964. . . . I am reminded by the brothers Aldington, of AFN, that in addition to launching their handsome new Type 901 2+2 coupé (with flat six 2-litre air-cooled engine at the back and a top speed of over 120 m.p.h.) Porsche have given disc brakes all round to their Type 356-C and made a number of refinements to engine and chassis. . . .

Renault are developing a rotary engine which follows the four-stroke principle but differs from the Wankel (as used by NSU) in having cam-and-rocker inlet and exhaust valves and a separate sparking plug for each of a number of combustion chambers formed by a single rotor of special shape and eccentrically mounted on the engine shaft. . . .

Don Bennett's Fairthorpe Electron Minor has been replaced by the E.M. Three, a GT hardtop two-seater with 1,143 c.c. Triumph engine giving a top speed of " between 90 and 100." It costs £756 assembled or £559 in kit form. . . . The new 4-litre Aston Martin DB5 is the first British production car to have an alternator instead of a dynamo. It claims another " first " for its two-phase trafficators which shine brighter by day than by night. Both these items of equipment are by Lucas, who will be showing at Earls Court the world's first electronic alternator control to become commercially available. . . .

The Issigonis working day

At a pre-Motor Show party I bumped into Alec Issigonis, BMC's Director of Engineering, and I asked him how he organises his working day. He told me he plans his day's work overnight when getting ready for bed. He gets up at seven, breakfasts at eight and usually gets to his office at Longbridge by a quarter to nine. On the day I met him he had first of all had a meeting with a body engineer from Fisher and Ludlow to finalise the design of a small feature on a new model. That took 1½ hours. Then back he went to his office to deal with important matters raised in the morning post.

" I have three secretaries " Mr Issigonis told me. " One is a man, Frank Lester, whom I ' share ' with Charles Griffin, our chief engineer. It is a perfect arrangement, for our problems are the same. There are two women secretaries, who help sort the post and who seek my guidance and instructions on any points they can't deal with themselves. Later in the day they bring letters for my signature.

" We get a lot of letters from people putting forward what they think are brilliant ideas but, quite frankly, we don't take them very seriously. I don't much like outside ideas. Whenever we have adopted any we have usually burnt our fingers. We claim to have as many bright ideas inside BMC as are thought up outside."

Mr Issigonis keeps time-consuming appointments down to a minimum; " which is a pity because I enjoy meeting people." He spends the end of the morning touring his experimental workshops (he calls them the " cells ") and discussing problems with his project engineers. Then lunch with Mr George Harriman (BMC chairman) in the " Kremlin," followed by a tour of the engine and gearbox drawing section and talks with Charles Griffin and Bill Appleby (chief engine designer).

Alec tries to keep a clear patch after 4 p.m. to do a bit of work on his own personal drawing board and to " mooch " about in the studio, the " holy of holies " in the Kremlin where prototypes and experimental models are kept under a tight security guard. " I time my car tests " he said, " to avoid the crowds of workmen arriving at or leaving the plant. Very often we go out just after six."

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE MOTOR SHOW

A Pictorial Review of the Exhibition at Earls Court

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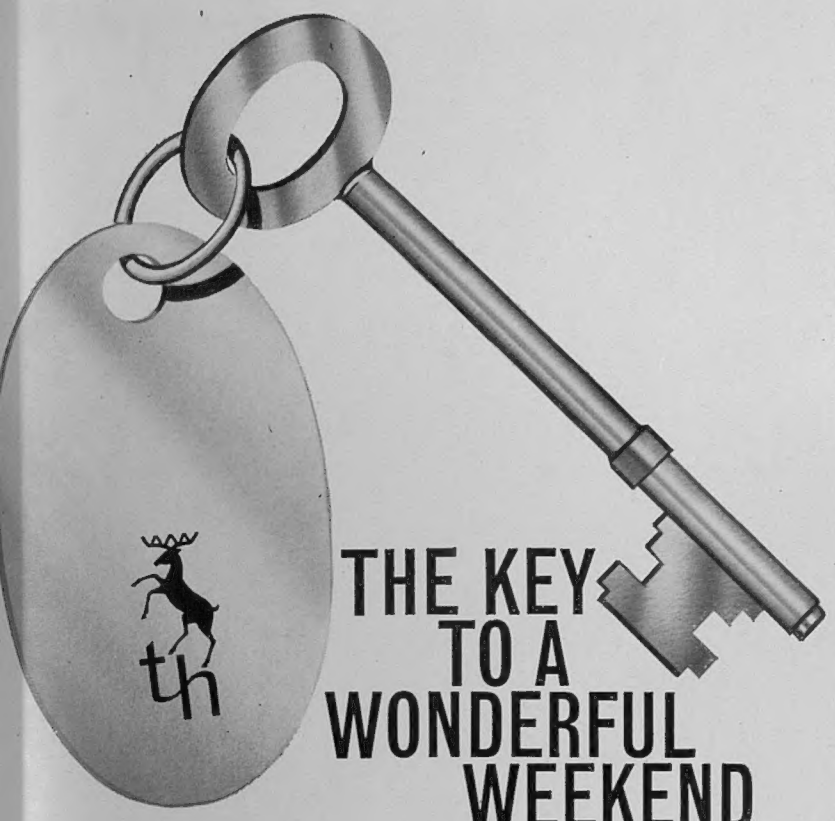

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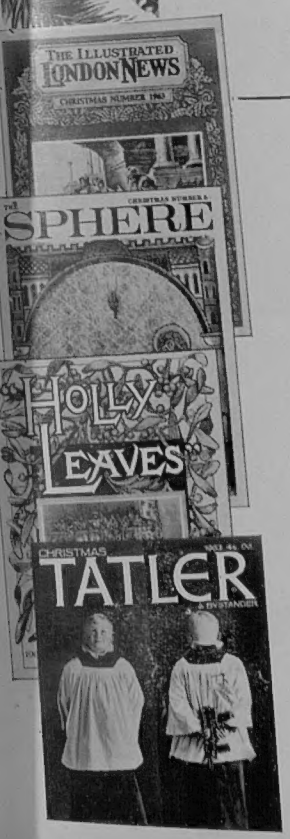

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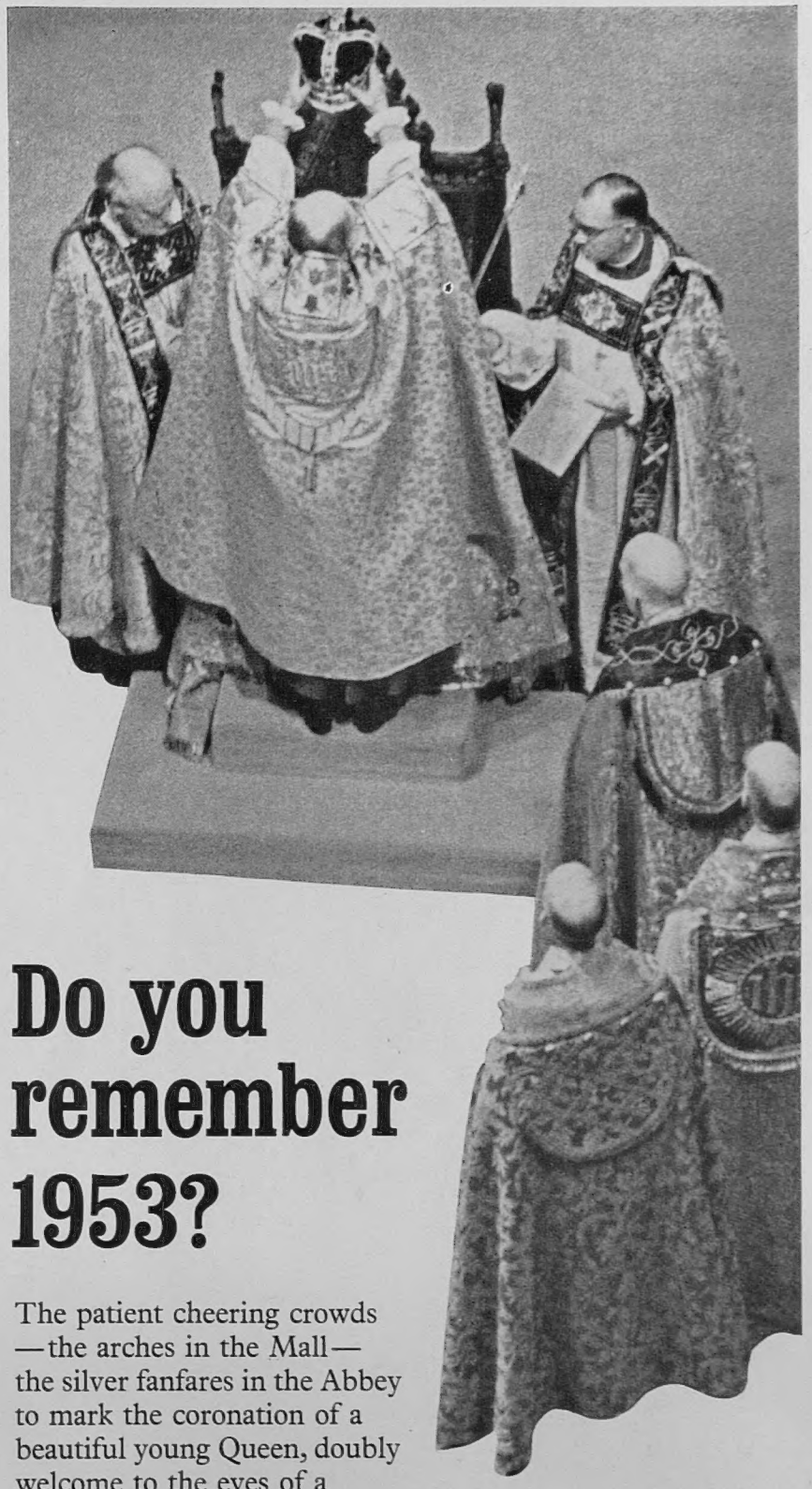

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